Cambria :: Freeman,
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.
BY JAMES G. HASSON,

Guaranteed Circulation, - 1200.

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One copy, 1 year, cash in advance.....$1.50
" do if not paid within 8 months.. 1.75
" do if not paid within 6 months.. 2.00
" do if not paid within the year.. 2.25

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VOLUME XXIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1890. NUMBER 13.

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MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

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I fancy Miriam Percival Fairfax is one of these, and so I work away with needle and gray and black zephyr as if I made my living by my endeavors in this line, and glance up about every tenth stitch over my glasses to note any change in the occupant of the deep, easy chair.

I hear another rustle of the letter, and look up to find her doubling it over her finger and looking at me with such a relieved, sweet expression that I again let the words slip from my tongue that rise: "Love is transforming you, Miriam, from a sad-faced, revengeful Percival to a bright, beautiful woman."

"Hush!" she said, with a smile. "Would you not like to read Allan's letter? There is nothing in it that you need not know, and since you have been so faithful and thoughtful and true, why, it is your due—only your due."

She offers me the missive. I take my chair and go over and sit down beside her, and she lays the open letter in my lap. I adjust my glasses better, lay aside my crocheting and read as Allan Percival has written:

"Miriam, my love, the unexpected meeting with a friend of yours in the park at Heatherleigh gives me an opportunity of sending you a letter. The great burden of my life is, dear one, whether you love me, as I desire with my whole soul, or not. I remember of giving you my address when I visited you at 'the Rest,' but you have not written to me as yet. The love born in the dark days of threat ng the valley of death is not to be put aside easily, and I must beg of you, dearest, to say if you have changed your mind, or if you have by our long separation found that you love me even a little.

"I was poor when we parted, but I am now in independent circumstances, having fallen heir to landed property in and near Trouville from my mother's family. I tell you this, not because I merely wish to speak of my affluence, but it may be that you think I am thinking of your wealth, though I can hardly see why you could imagine a living ideal guilty of it.

"If you have found that you can love me, oh! Miriam, darling, bid me come to you. If not, keep the locket I gave you at 'the Rest' as the gift of only a relative. I remain yours,

"ALLAN PERCIVAL."

"I must answer it," she said, when I had finished. "Allan will be so disappointed if I do not. He is noble and true, as you said," she goes on to say, "and I find, after such a long separation, that I can never be happy without him."

Then that is the problem she has been trying to solve all these months of separation—whether she could forget her anguish for the dead enough to be happy with the living. She doesn't say this, but I divine it to be the case, nevertheless. Well, she has solved it, sitting here in the winter's sunshine, and the rose will bloom where the rue hath grown, for love can never forget his own.

"I never have shown you his gift mentioned in the letter," she says with a smile; "though, of course, you caught sight of it during my illness. Yes, the face inside," she adds, with a faint flush.

Drawing the locket from her bosom, she unclasps the chain which I had restored to her neck while she was asleep in the first stage of convalescence, and touches the secret spring as I had done in those days of uncertainty, and again Allan Percival's face beams up to mine.

"He is very handsome there," I say, "but I believe he is handsomer over in England."

She smiles at the compliment, and I continue. "A finer looking gentleman than Allan Percival was when I saw him last would be hard to find; well-dressed, courtly and kind."

She smiles again and slips the locket back in its resting-place with a sigh of content. "I must write to him immediately," she says, caressing the letter, and looking up for an affirmative, as I suppose.

"Yes, certainly," and I bring her writing materials, and once more step out of her *sanctum sanctorum* of thought. I am confident that Allan Percival will receive the answer which he desires and I am content.

* * * * * * *

A letter has come to me from over the sea; a letter with a big black seal, and I read with swimming eyes and sinking heart that Peggy is dead.

Poor Peggy, who wished so much to see "the face of her young misthress" once more, has left the shores of time without even that boon being granted. Ancil has gone back to Ireland to end his days, which can not be many, among his relations, and Heatherleigh is desolate now of even a living sound.

Miriam reads the letter dictated by old Ancil before he left the Hall with a strange, far-away expression creeping into her face.

"Well, we all have to die," she says, handing me the black-bordered missive, and

DRAWING THE LOCKET FROM HER BOSOM.

her face takes on such a deathly pallor that I am alarmed. She seems turning to stone, and there is the same old haunting look in her eyes of a year ago.

"Miriam!" I exclaim in alarm, having an impression, somehow, that I must call her back from somewhere whither she was drifting.

"Don't be alarmed," she says, drawing a deep, palaful breath and looking at me as if I were a dozen miles away instead of so many feet. "It is only sudden, so sudden for me," and she turns away to hide her stony face. There is something about her words and manner which tells me plainly that it is not the news of Peggy's death alone which affects Miriam so strangely. There is such an abandon of wordless despair in every action and look that I feel my very heart stand still in terror.

"What is it, Miriam?" I ask, going to her and taking her in my arms. She releases herself gently and sits down in the nearest chair with that terrible look still on her face.

"It is nothing," she says, finally, after a silence which seems to me ages, "nothing, only a dream I had last night and that letter to-day, that is all."

"A dream!" and I drew up another chair and sat down beside her. I must talk her out of this. It would never do to allow the coincidence of a bad dream and that letter to kill her.

"Yes," she answered, in a dazed way, "a dream." Then she paused and I said: "Well?"

"Oh! you wish to hear it?" she questions, as one waking up.

"Certainly I wish to if you care to tell it; but dreams are nothing. They never come true."

"I had a dream once which came true," she says, looking at me with the horror of a certainty of doom in her eyes. "A dream of death just before my marriage with Arthur, and it came true."

She shuddered and was silent. I could not gainsay that, but I would palliate this vision if she would let me, I thought.

"And I dreamed last night that Peggy came into my room and that I was ill. Bending over me until her cap ruffles touched my face, she said: 'Miriam, at last I have found you! but only to bid you a long good-bye; such as all those you love must say before their time, just such a good-bye as that, Miriam,' and then she went out, shutting the door quietly, just as Peggy would."

Miriam's eyes dilated with a horrible dread, and she continued: "I only wish I were not impressed with the truth of it. But the letter coming to-day seems to tell me that Peggy, in spirit, warned me of sorrow in store for me soon."

"Well," I say, "I can not *assert* that there is nothing in dreams, but I don't believe that Peggy had any reference to Allan Percival whatever. She, even in your dream, doubtless had reference to only the past, with which she was acquainted. She never knew of your love for Allan, and could not have meant him."

Miriam hears me, but she does not believe as I do, for she sits with cold fingers locked tightly together and gazes into the future, anticipating the death of one whom she has learned to love better than life itself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Allan Percival sat in his hired apartments at No. 22 Rue de St. Helene, Trouville. Trouville across the river, not the grand sweep of bright beach dipping gently down into the bay this side.

"So she has written to her solicitors concerning the Heatherleigh estate, and desires them to dispose of it, with the exception of a few things in the Hall, for which she will send her cousin, Allan Percival, shortly," reading from a newly-arrived letter.

"Well, let me see. What is it she wants unearthed from that cursed ruin, any way?" and he draws forth a slip of paper from the letter. "Oh, yes; her mother's jewels, to be found where she concealed them before her flight from Heatherleigh, behind the third row of volumes on the library shelves. 'Behind the third row at the left-hand end I will find a secret panel; slide it to the right hand and bring all I find in the little recess,'" reading from the slip. "Then there is more in that secret cupboard than Lady Percival's jewels, judging from this," he said, meditatively. "Well, whatever is there, I will get.

"What a life she has led, to be sure, dear girl! But after this earth shall blossom out a paradise for my darling," he added, with emotion.

Then he fell into a reverie, and slipping the letter into his desk he sat gazing out of the window, oblivious of every thing around him; regardless of every thing excepting his own speculations. If the chain of thought traced by his busy brain had been resolved into words, they would have read something like the following:

"I don't wonder Miriam doesn't want to set foot in Heatherleigh Hall again! What a lot of misery has been entailed on the unfortunate ones of the Percival house. God! if I only had lived to thrust a sword up to the hilt in the heart of that depraved ancestor before he could have uttered that malediction that has cursed the lives of my nearest and dearest!

"Poor, dear love! and she bids me come to her. Happy man that I am! Strange, wasn't it, that she should come to me first and nurse me through that terrible illness! And I loved her passionately before she had been there two hours. I but she thought it an infatuation or hallucination of the sick-room. And, too, her heart was sore over her husband's death, and she was in no mood to listen to me.

"Well, I was a fool to imagine she might, but I had always led such a lonely life, even before my parents died—the curse was on them, too, and I existed in its shadow also—and after that I was lonelier that ever before. I was poor, too, then; and there is no knowing what she may have thought of my importune love making. No. I did not consider, for the very reason that I was madly in love with my beautiful cousin. I never thought of any thing else. But it was the love of my life, as no one knew better than myself, and now, after years of separation, I am called; and I am going to her, my love, my life, and we will be very happy. But I must go to Heatherleigh first. Armed with my letter of introduction I will see her solicitors, and then go to the Hall for her.

"I am glad I am here to go; she must be spared the pain, the sadness of this visit, and I will bring the jewels and whatever else she has hidden behind the panel. Miriam was crafty; cunning, wasn't she, to think of all this in the midst of so much else. To be sure, what a sly little love I have!"

And he started up with a smile on his handsome face to find it nearly dark.

Quite three hours have past, and somewhere tinkles the pretty name of "Lucia." This rollicking watering-place, Trouville, seems to-day noisier than ever to the steady blood of the Percival as he gazes down on the Parisian-stamped throng.

Well, his estates had been disposed of also, and he was going over the sea, away from it all. And beyond the ocean surges they, he and Miriam, would begin life anew.

He had a little business yet with his bankers in London, and this errand of Miriam's, and then, ah! then, away.

Locking his desk he sauntered downstairs, humming softly to himself an old English song, while his thoughts were trying to locate a pretty cottage somewhere near Bay View; or was the cottage itself all the Bay View there was? He would shortly know, for Miriam was there, and he should sail in a fortnight if nothing happened.

The solicitors having Miriam's financial affairs in charge were waiting to see him, and Allan Percival had no trouble in assuring them that he was no fraud.

Barring the letters of introduction, it would not have been a hard task to have convinced the gray-haired attorney that he was a Percival, at least, for that portly old gentleman looked him over critically and then said: "Why, my fine fellow, you are the picture of your father, Allan Percival! I knew him when he and I were young, and a fine gentleman he was, too. But he married your mother against the will of his august father, and that ended the money business with him, in form of inheritance, at least. But I judge your finances are in ship-shape," he added, shrewdly, glancing at Allan again.

"Your cousin is a sort of curious-minded lady," began the solicitor in another strain; "for it was some months before she allowed us to find her. She has a world of animosity somewhere in her soul toward those old ancestral halls for some reason."

"Most likely," answered Allan, rather evasively.

"Well, if she has I suppose it is really no business of ours," rejoined the barrister; "but it's a fine old place, or was some years ago—before your aunt, Lady Percival's death; and it looks mighty strange to me why your cousin should choose a home on the other side of the water and rid herself of Heatherleigh. But then every thing you do not understand is strange until you find out its mystery, and then every thing is easily understood."

After this most logical speech the old man dipped his pen in his ink and wrote something on a slip of paper. Handing it to Allan he said, jocosely: "There's your password, friend of ours." Then gravely: "It seems to me that I am with your father, my boy; you are so much like what he used to be when I knew him. So he is dead! Well! well! we all must die."

Then some one claimed his attention, and he must go. After having bidden the old attorney a friendly good-bye, Allan drifted out and mingled with the steady-going throng of the world's metropolis, for Lon-

"I KNEW HIM WELL; SO HE IS DEAD!"

don isn't England no more than it is any thing else, that is, in make-up. From every nation on earth almost they gather, gather, gather and affiliate, and no one feels *abroad*, either.

Allan Percival felt as much "abroad," perhaps, as any one in Rotten Row, for he seemed present only in the flesh as he threaded the motley crowd.

"Business will all be settled up to-morrow," he said, as he lighted a cigarette in the seclusion of his lodging-house, "and then for my jewel's jewels. But let me see," he said, fumbling in his pockets. "Where is that slip the garrulous old fellow gave me, and what is it, anyway? I haven't thought of it since he gave it to me until this blessed moment.

"By the way," continued Allan, searching for the paper, "he thought I was the counterpart of my unfortunate father. Well, I have no desire to be, only in feature, for he was undeniably handsome. Poor father!" and he sighed audibly.

"There it is now," he ejaculated, drawing forth the long-sought-for slip from the diary in which he had placed it for safe-keeping and had so soon forgotten. "Oh! I must present this to the jolly old Bancroft, and 'obtain the keys and a guide.' As if I needed 'a guide' to explore Heatherleigh! That isn't it, however. I need a fellow to keep an eye on me while I explore. I understand it. Ah! yes. Then the smiling old squire has the keeping of the Hall, eh! I remember of having heard that he was, or would have been, a staunch friend of my uncle, Sir Rupert's, if that curious old curmudgeon would have stooped to recognize his betters."

A baleful glow crept into the fine eyes, and the cigarette was tossed into the open grate spitefully.

"I am afraid I am not so much the child of my mother as I have always imagined," he resumed, as if in apology to his better self, "for I feel as Miriam must have felt when she talked to me of the Hall when I was ill. How well I remember the flash of her beautiful eyes as she rehearsed to me how Sir Rupert waved her off from his presence. Away in the cold world he sent her in her sorrow! No wonder she even wishes to slander every tie binding her to the roof that sheltered *him*."

He walked back and forth the length of the little apartment, savagely, restlessly. It seemed that the spirit of the Percivals had given Allan a fresh baptism of the rankling hate, which could carry its victims into the desperate on short notice.

"I don't know," he ground through his set teeth, and he shivered; "I don't know but that the evil brooding in the accursed halls of our ancestors reaches out for its victims even here, for it seems to me that the nearer I get to Heatherleigh the more unlike myself I become."

He paused before the diminutive mirror over against the window and surveyed himself for some minutes in silence. Then he went back to the mantel and, resting his elbow on the corner of it, tried to control his hatred of the dead. The pitiful tales of cruel, angry treatment told him by his father as enacted toward himself by Leon Percival, his father, rushed hotly across his mind; and the cruelty of Sir Rupert to his beloved dared him to forget them, or to remember them kindly.

The angry flush he had noticed so plainly in the mirror surged up to his noble brow and his soul burned for revenge. But they were dead—all of the maledictive ones—and were, perhaps, getting their dues, while he, Allan Percival, was standing there giving vent to the spirit which had dragged them down. Ah! this would never do, his soul whispered, warningly. No; this giving way to the vanity of useless wrath would never bear to be dallied with. By a powerful effort he choked down the rising anathema and betook himself to asserting some papers he had brought with him from Trouville.

Seated at the table, sorting the contents of a heavy leather-bound portfolio, he bent eagerly to his task in order to overcome the tumult within. A sigh of relief escaped him. "I am glad," he said, with a tremor in his voice, "that my mother was a mild, sweet-souled woman, and that I partake of her nature greatly, else how should I ever come through it all with unstained hands.

"But, after all," he continued, while his face paled with sorrowful emotion, "after all I am not to forget that I am a Percival! and that if I should be able to change my name a thousand times, the blood would tell!"

He looked for a moment as if he would be glad to slip from his identity, even though he might evolve a mere slave.

"If when Leon Percival in his wrath disinherited my father he had only taken from him the arrogance, the senseless, passionate spirit, and the unforgiving, relentless soul of the house, what a blessing his disinheritance would have been! But it was only the property and the honor of being named as one of them that he missed, that is all.

"Oh! I am glad," he exclaimed, triumphantly, "that I haven't a farthing, no, *not a farthing* of the Percival wealth!"

He looked up as he finished his exultant sentence and caught sight of his face in the tell-tale mirror. Then he laughed softly to himself. "Pandæmonium and he, and the evil feeling had ebbed out its last tidal wave, and he was left in possession of his sweet mother's nature to which he so often referred with fondest pride.

Three days after we leave Allan Percival at his lodgings in London we find him standing in the library, the dimly-lighted, ghostly-looking library of Heatherleigh.

He was alone; the good-natured, portly squire was poking about the gallery on the second floor, imagining he could read the soul by the countenance; and so was very busy reveling and romancing among the portraits. *He* had no idea that the handsome, well-dressed cockney, as he chose to mentally dub the fellow down-stairs, was a scion of the ancestral line he was viewing.

"No," Squire Bancroft was saying to himself, "that's a young strip of ha barrister the solicitors have sent down 'ere to hinspect the books hand take ha list of them, hi reckon, so hi won't bother 'im. Hi will just henjoy myself hup 'ere, hand kill two birds with one stone by looking the pictures hover while 'e's taking 'is hinventory."

So the easy-natured squire turned the portraits this way and that to get sufficient light, and adjusted the heavy curtains on their dusty brass rings to suit himself, and persuaded his speculative soul that it was having a holiday treat.

Down in the dim semi-twilight of "the room of the books" stood Allan, saying in an undertone: "To the left-hand end of the shelves, and the *third* row. Ah! now I have it," and after removing several volumes he placed his hand on the panel indicated in her letter.

"To the right, now," and he gave the panel a shove in the direction named by Miriam, and it slid back noiselessly, but sending up a cloud of dust nevertheless.

"By Jove!" Allan ejaculated, stepping back and brushing the dust from his face and eyes, "it is worth a ransom to be smothered in this way."

Then he listened to reassure himself that Bancroft was not coming now at the supreme moment to be inquisitive and vex him with words and looks of distrustful questioning, perhaps.

No, the squire was not coming; doubtless he would not, as Allan had announced his intention of overhauling the dozens of dusty volumes, some of them ancient and curiously bound and others of later date. "What a place for an old bookworm of a fellow!" ejaculated Allan, elbowing the ancient tome at his right, as he thrust his hand into the recess in the wall, after having satisfied himself that Bancroft was not coming.

The first thing his hand touched he drew forth. It proved to be the long-hidden casket containing Lady Percival's jewels.

Brushing the dust from the elegant cover he opened it for a moment in order that he might know what he really did have. Diamonds; diamonds scintillating even in the dim light told him he had the required jewels. Shutting the casket he discovered the letters L. P. engraven in the center of the cover.

"Aunt Percival," he murmured. "Oh! I feel so strange in this awful place, where sweet Lady Percival died; from where my father fled, and from whose doors my darling was driven in her widow's weeds! God be merciful, I wish I was out of this!"

Once more he put his hand into the recess and renewed the search. Three small boxes and silver drinking cups next rewarded his endeavors. These he deposited in various pockets without examining them and again he searched the recess.

"The family plate, by Jove!" And out it came from the remote corner of the cupboard, silver, silver, silver! And here was a riddle he could not solve. How could this little place hold all this! He tried the other side of the aperture, and to his astonishment a panel moved easily back, revealing a capacious recess, and the "corner" he thought he had reached was not a "corner," only a sort of division.

"It's deuced lucky I brought my traveling case, or else how should I smuggle all this away from Heatherleigh! Egad! I feel like a thief!"

Having stowed all the valuables away in his large valise, he shut up the recess and replaced the books he had removed.

"I believe I will go upstairs now and see what has become of the squire," mused Allan, looking about him.

But the Squire was coming down. Allan heard him on the stairs, and forthwith he began to be deeply interested in a yellow-paged volume, for whose contents he didn't care a half-penny.

"The books are quite hinteresting, I should think," said Bancroft, peeping in and seeing the young barrister deeply engaged, as he thought, in reading.

"Oh! yes;" Allan made answer, with a yawn, "interesting enough, but I'm deuced tired of them, and, as I have taken the titles

HE THRUST HIS HAND INTO THE APERTURE.

of some and selected others for which they sent me, I guess we may as well go, that is, if you have no further business in this horrid place?"

"'Orrid place! Why, this his the very place to dream hof romances by the 'our, sir. Our tastes differ, to be sure. Now, hi could stay 'ere for five weeks."

"Lord!" ejaculated Allan, in horror. "I should be a raving maniac in half that time!"

"Umph!" and the jolly squire looked at him in amaze. Then he said: "Books packed, hi suppose?" and at the same time eyeing the traveling case keenly.

"Yes," answered Allan, prevaricating.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Squire Bancroft had not been so long in the gallery for nothing. He had almost wept over the fine portrait of the youngest son in the reversed row, Allan Percival, last child of Leon Percival, the austere, as he was known.

And now, on coming out into the hall, this young sprig of a Londoner put him so much in mind of the picture of the high-spirited youth he used to know that he stopped short to think:

"Hi feel somehow has hif—" he mused, and then taking his gaze from the traveling bag he acted on the impulse of the moment.

"Look 'ere, young friend," said he, touching Allan on the shoulder as they stepped out into the sunshine. "Parden me, but hi can't 'elp but see that you resemble so much one portrait hin this gallery hupstairs. His hit possible hi ham haddressing a Percival? Can hit be that you hare the son hof Hallan Percival, so long hago disinherited solely because 'e 'ad sense henough to marry ha sensible woman?"

The squire's first sentence sent a suspicious impression with its curious articulation, and his tap on Allan's shoulder seemed to augur no good to the contents of the case he carried. But the compound question which followed the eccentric old fellow's prelude put those fast-rising fears of detection to flight, and substituted a choking sensation of oppressive wrong in their stead.

Allan looked up. "You know me, then, by my resemblance to my father," he said, with a sad attempt at a smile. "I am the only son of *that* Allan Percival—in fact, the only child living, and that is why Miriam Percival Fairfax and her solicitors trust me on this errand to the Hall. The present owner of Heatherleigh is my cousin, Mr. Bancroft, and I am commissioned to the Hall by her implicit orders."

"'Pon my soul! 'pon my soul!" exclaimed the squire, grasping Allan's hand. "'Pon my soul, Hi thought the world hof your father, my boy; has hif 'e were my hown brother." And the impulsive Bancroft flourished his handkerchief and blew his nose with the sound of a trumpet. "Then hit's your father's picture upstairs; w'y don't you go hup hand get hit?"

Allan shuddered. "Do not ask me to go upstairs and into *that* room," he answered, turning faint at the idea, and covering his face with his hand, as if to shut out even the bitter memories.

"Ho! Hi see," rejoined the squire, "you said this 'orrid place," and he put his arms akimbo. "Hi see! Hi see!" he continued, "you dread hit hon your father's haccount! Forgive me, my boy; Hi didn't think! Hi know the sad story hof your father's being kicked hout; 'eard hof 'is death, too, but didn't 'ear that 'e left ha son. Well! well!"

For some minutes the old squire stood looking affectionately at Allan and thinking, then he placed his hand kindly on the young man's arm and said: "Don't you want your father's portrait, my boy? Hif you do, w'y, hi will be glad to go hup there hafter hit for you."

Allan nodded in the affirmative. He could not speak. A feeling of utter loneliness was creeping out of the shadows and wrapping his soul in its miserable influence. Up there, in the dark, ghostly place, his father's picture hung—with its face to the wall, he had been told a thousand times, because he had been cast out—and now, after three and a half decades of gloom and disgrace, it was to be brought down and given into the hands of the son, the child of his mesalliance.

Allan heard the squire go up the length of the shadowy staircase, heard him treading the corridors, as one hears things in a strange, indistinct dream.

The sunshine stole down through the tufted elms, the noisy rooks chattered and scolded high up above the ancient gables and the April airs went whispering by, but Allan heard them not. He was listening attentively to a voice sounding down the aisles of the by-gone, and he heard it say: "Curses on that old Hall, that sent me adrift; curses, I say!" and it was the voice of his father.

And in connection with this maledictive sentence he heard a sweet, soft voice, and it said in a deprecating tone: "Allan! Allan!" And *it* was the voice of his gentle lady mother.

But Squire Bancroft interrupted this communion of spirits akin, and broke Allan's painful reverie by saying: "Ere hit his." At the same time he wiped a suspicious moisture from his old eyes and locked the great doors in silence.

Allan Percival left Heatherleigh as one in a dream. The long, desolate avenue, down which his darling had passed alone in her grief did not seem real to him. The clanging of the great gates sounded afar off and even the hum of the carriage wheels on the echoing drive beyond came to his ear as unnatural and deadened. He thought of it, and remembered Miriam's horror of the place.

He paused at Hedge Place, the squire's lovely cottage, and letting him out with many warm adieus, drove mechanically on toward the city.

Hastings came in view, and he drew a sigh of relief. The shimmer of the sea beyond gave him a new impetus, and he smiled. "It won't be so very long now," he said, waking up, "until I shall see her, my own."

He consulted his watch. "I have time to get every thing attended to in my care and reach London to-morrow; then a final interview with my bankers there, a bidding good-bye to a few friends, and I'm off on the reacherous waters yonder."

"Back again?" Allan ejaculated, as he threw open the door of his lodgings, and entered with his precious burdens. "Well, I'm blest if I'm not glad the affair is wound up. What a great deal grows out of a little, sometimes, to be sure," he continued, settling himself comfortably in his chair by the table and emptying his pockets of the Heatherleigh find. "If I had not met that old lady in the park that blustering autumn day last year, I presume I should not have been there again this time.

"I guess I had better shut the door and insert the key, lest I have auditors."

With this timely conclusion he fastened the door, and, returning to the table, spread out the contents of the three dusty little boxes on the green chintz cover.

[To be Continued.]

SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

How an Edinburgh Professor Illustrated Their Utility.

For centuries suspension bridges have been built, sometimes of chains, sometimes of ropes, these latter often made from the bark of trees; although iron suspensions are of comparatively recent times. One of the highest engineering authorities of the United States thus briefly states that "the economy of metal in a suspension bridge, under the average circumstances of its attainable depth, is from one-fourth to one-half of that in a tubular or simple girder-bridge of equal strength and rigidity." The simple rope bridges in Peru and in Central Asia are merely two ropes hung side by side across some place sought to be spanned; then a kind of platform is laid on these ropes, and the inverted bow or dip is such that man or beast may cross. The suspension bridge, as we have it, is composed of two or more chains, and from these chains a level platform is hung by suspension rods; the chains are generally secured to either side of the chasm crossed by what is known as anchorage, by passing over piers. The chains used to construct these suspension bridges are wire ropes or chains composed of links. As already intimated, the cost of the suspension bridge is much less than that of many other kinds of large bridges, because of the amount of material required. The late Prof Jenkin, of the University of Edinburgh, thus clearly illustrates this: A man might cross a chasm of 100 feet hanging to a steel wire 0.21 inches in diameter dipping 10 feet; the weight of the wire would be 12.75 pounds. A wrought-iron beam of rectangular section, three times as deep as it is broad, would have to be about 27 inches deep and 9 inches broad to carry him and its own weight. It would weigh 87,500 pounds." Trains do not as a rule cross suspension bridges at a high rate of speed, and unless otherwise strongly fastened so as to overcome lateral and other oscillation, the dangers are considerable. Engineers have, however, so thoroughly studied these and all other matters in connection with bridge-building that these great structures are now made with a view of meeting all such strains and contingencies. Some of the best-known suspension bridges in the world have been the Brooklyn bridge, the bridge over the Ohio at Cincinnati, the Suspension at Niagara, the chain suspension at Menai Strait, at Fribourg, Switzerland, and at Pesth over the Danube.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Native—"Yes, sir, we are to have one of the finest health resorts in the world right here. We have every advantage and invalids from all parts of the world will soon be coming here to be cured." Visitor—"Ah, indeed? What is that immense tract

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - APRIL 25, 1890.

THE Senate passed the World's Fair bill on Monday, with a provision for a naval review in New York harbor in 1893.

THE Democratic State executive committee will meet at Harrisburg April 30 to fix the time for holding the State convention.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES who occupied Samuel J. Tilden's seat as President, has gone, with his daughter, to Bermuda.

INDICATIONS from New Hampshire are that the State may go Democratic in the fall. The Republican party must, indeed, be in a disintegrating condition if its granite ribs have begun to crumble.

"A BILL to bamboozle the farmers, pay off the Republican debts of the last campaign, and provide for the expenses of the next," is what Congressman Wilson, of West Virginia, says should be the title of McKinley's tariff bill.

THE Quay Andrews Delamater crowd got knocked out on the first round in Blair county on Saturday. After a hotly contested primary election, Hastings carried off the delegates. The delegates are for E. K. Martin, Esq., of Lancaster, for Lieutenant Governor.

A BILL has been reported in the House appropriating over $300,000 to strengthen the United States Treasury against burglars. The treasury is in more danger from bills passed to get away with the surplus than it is from burglars. After the present Congress gets through with its work the treasury will need very little protection.

A MANUFACTURER engaged in the canning business industry at Rochester, N. Y., estimates that the proposed tax on tin-plate would add 20 per cent. to the cost of canned goods. This tax on foot for the millions is to be imposed for the benefit of a few persons who desire to be started in the business of making tin-plates, without risk to themselves, at the public expense.

EX-GOVERNOR JAMES POLLOCK died on Saturday morning, shortly before 6 o'clock, at the residence of his son-in-law, H. T. Harvey, in Lock Haven. Had Governor Pollock lived until September 11 next he would have been eighty years of age. All his children were at his bedside, and his death was not unexpected. His death was due to heart and kidney troubles.

A LAST will and testament, 5 000 years old, was found recently in Egypt. The testator, Sekiah, executed it with his own hand in favor of his own brother a priest of Osiris. The property disposed of in the will was to go at the brother's death to Sekiah's daughter, who, the internal evidence of the document shows, had the same legal right as a man to own and administer and dispose of property.

IT is such a common occurrence to hear of high officials getting into trouble that when we read that the Mayor elect of Edgar, Kansas, was confined the next day after the election, we are not surprised. It is, however, a relief to our virtuous indignation to know that the Mayor elect, Mrs. Maggie Kelly, is a married woman and her confinement resulted in an addition of one to the population of her city.

THE Indianapolis News says of the late election in Indiana: "If every man in Indiana who at any time in his life peddled tickets at the polls had been given an office, it would not have changed the results of yesterday's election. Local questions and candidates were given special consideration, but the general result is due to the prevalld dissatisfaction of the people in Indiana, just as in other States, over the condition of things for which the Republican party, in its heedless adherence to discriminating and monopoly sustaining legislation, is believed to be largely responsible."

The new tariff bill says the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, (Rep.) is one of the worst and most offensive objects of class legislation ever proposed. It shows a disregard of public interest which is amusing. It imposes enormous indirect taxes upon the country, and lays a weight upon the Republican party which may crush it out when it assembles to certain defeat [illegible] appeals to the country. It is from first to last a partisan measure, with a return of fat in it for every specially protected interest that in 1888 was compelled to contribute to the campaign committee's fund. If it is hung about the neck of the Republican party it may destroy it.

AN intelligent study of the military situation in France and Germany says the *New York Ledger*, shows a state of military preparation which is without precedent in history. Since that fatal day when the king of Prussia was crowned emperor of Germany amid the historic and ancestral splendors of Versailles, Gaul and Teuton have been preparing for a conflict which in bitterness and magnitude will eclipse any war the world has ever seen.

On the day that war is declared there will be an instant mobilization of the troops of the two nations. On the German side, in less than a week, a little over 1,400,000 men will be concentrated on the frontier at the points fixed by the general staff. The cars are ready and the coal for the railroad was laid in long ago. Five days after the first advance 800,000 men will form the second line. Finally there will be the landsturm with about 1,000,000 on the first call. All these troops are thoroughly drilled and armed with the repeating rifle. The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 will be a skirmish compared with the coming struggle.

THE House River and Harbor Committee, says the *N. Y. Sun*, in pursuance of its usual function of devising ways and means for making a hole in the surplus, has prepared a bill appropriating about $25,000,000. Among the great waters into which this pretty sum is to be cast are the Stiefaquomish, the Suckernochee, the Tickfaw, the Withlacoochee, Onapatsit Channel, and Winjam Bay. Nothing, we may be sure, will be omitted by Congressmen which can promote vote catching in their districts next fall, and reflect honor upon the pools and puddles and eavestrough drippings of each district.

The Senate is usually more extravagant than the House. Unless the Senate fails to follow its custom, the River and Harbor bill will be of mighty size before it is passed.

The bigger the better for the Republicans. Every great appropriation bill helps take away the necessity, if there be such a necessity, of passing a tariff bill. Every committee of either House that shows a liberal disposition about dipping into the surplus makes itself an adjunct and annex of the Ways and Means Committee.

But the Republicans are already aware that the appropriation business may be overdone. Many times money enough to knock out the surplus and knock in a deficit could be spent upon pensions alone without satisfying the clamor for them, or giving the veterans proof that the Republican party is trying to fulfil its pledges to them.

The Republican game is clever, but requires very delicate play. To be extravagant without seeming extravagant, and to scatter the surplus without making too big a hole in the Treasury, to avoid passing a tariff bill and yet avoid the suspicion that the bill was not meant to be passed, craves wary walking.

THE Republican tariff bill says the *National Democrat* has been changed again. The last desperate move of the panic-stricken Republicans is to restore hides to the free list, repeal all the duties on sugar and give the sugar producers a bounty of two cents a pound. A careful computation by the Democrats of the committee shows that even with the sugar duties thrown overboard the McKinley bill would increase the revenue more than four million dollars on the basis of present importations. The farmers who raise corn and pork, and can't sell them, are to be taxed $7,500,000 a year to support the sugar planters, suppose there is no increase in production, and an additional sum to enable the Government to pay seven cents a pound for cocoons and $1 a pound for raw silk.

The bounty system is the protective system with the meat taken off. Governor Warmouth, of New Orleans, a great sugar planter, told the ways and means committee that the bounty system would not suit the planters at all because the people won't stand it; the bounty would not last two years; as soon as the people discover that the protection system was merely a disguised bounty system they would wipe out the whole thing. Governor Warmouth is a very clever-headed man.

SUCH a tidal wave as swept over the Republican party in 1874, says the Chicago *Times*, will ingulf it again. There is little doubt that the Democratic majority in the next House will be not less than fifty. The party that promotes the corruptors of elections; that to gain voters ignores the claims of Democratic territory, while admitting new States with bizarre or dangerous Constitutions; that to stifle the minority departs from the parliamentary construction which has obtained unbroken for a hundred years; that mocks the demand for reduced taxation with vicious tariff legislation proposing a net increase in levies; that proposes extravagant appropriations; that prostitutes the Civil Service to partisan ends; that, while decrying, fosters trusts and monopolies; that bribes from the public exchequer the pensionhunting, the subsidy-demanding, the tariff-asking class—this party, degenerate, extravagant, corrupt, is doomed to defeat.

AN International Postage Stamp Exposition began in Vienna on April 20, and will continue until May 4. All the best known stamp collectors of England, France, the United States, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and the Orient, have signified their intention to be present, and most of them will make exhibits. The programme of the Exposition includes two banquets and a tour to and through the Kahlenberge. The Austrian Government has placed in the Exposition building a complete set of the machinery used by it in manufacturing postage stamps, and will strike off souvenir stamps for every visitor at the Exposition who wishes them. The most valuable stamp in the Exposition will be one of the first series of Mauritius. It cost two pence when it was new and is now valued at about $3,000.

IN the House of Representatives at Washington, on Tuesday, Mr. Cameron, a Republican Congressman from Illinois, in the course of a speech, read an alleged list of treasurers of Southern States who have defaulted. Congressman Allan of Mississippi arose and caustically remarked. "I can only say that when our State treasurers default we don't promote them to the chairmanship of the national campaign committee, alluding to the smirched record of Senator Quay, who now represents the great state of Pennsylvania in the United States Senate.

IT is feared that there will be no Pan-American extradition, which will be good news to the rascals in general. The views of the South American and United States delegates on this question, as the Congress is about to separate are reported to be irreconcilable.

A BRIDGE over Buck Creek, near Springfield, Ohio, on which about a hundred people were gathered to witnessan immersion on Sunday gave away, injuring many persons, four of them perhaps fatally.

Charges that Must be Met.

Attacks upon party managers and conspicuous political officers do not always need to be answered; but when charges of personal dishonesty and dishonor are preferred on responsible authority against a Governor, a Senator, or any other public official, it is impossible that they should be ignored and left unanswered, without leaving reason for the conclusion that they are at least founded in truth.

Here, for instance, are certain allegations respecting Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, which were published in the New York *Times*. We do not know that they are true; we trust that they are false; but here they are, put forth broadly by that journal, without disguise or equivocation:

"Eleven years ago Quay took $260,000 from the Pennsylvania State Treasury and lost it in stock gambling. He had an associate in the transaction, one J. Blake Walters, at that time cashier of the State Treasury. Walters subsequently drank himself to death. Amos C. Noyes, the State Treasurer, died not long afterward, and his death was said to have been due largely to his fear that the robbery might be discovered. Quay himself was for months the victim of guilty terror. A new State Treasurer had been elected and exposure was imminent. A friend who visited him at the Lochiel House in Harrisburg found him drunk and debating whether he should cut his throat or jump into the Susquehanna river. This friend visited Don Cameron, laid the case before him, and that statesman, to avert a scandal which would have done great damage to the Republican party in Pennsylvania, contributed over $100,000 to make up the deficit. The rest of the sum necessary was supplied by Quay and Walters.

"In 1885 Quay secured a vindication by being nominated and elected to the office of State Treasurer. But it was not merely vindication Quay was after. He wanted another chance at the State funds. He got it and availed himself of it, and much more successfully than before. To pay for some bonds and shares of the North Chicago Railroad Company he took $400,000 from the State Treasury and deposited it in the People's Bank in Philadelphia. William H. Kemble, who had been pardoned a few years before by Quay's Pardoning Board after having been convicted of bribery, was President of that bank. The $400,000 remained in the People's Bank; the Chicago securities were delivered to Quay, who sold them at a high figure, pocketed the profits, and restored the embezzled funds to the State Treasury."

Now, the *Times* is perfectly responsible. It is able to pay if it is found guilty of slander. If these charges are calumnious, that fact should be established before a public tribunal without delay. It will not answer for Mr. Quay to receive such an attack with silence. Even if it came from a contemptible quarter, it could not wisely be treated with contempt; but when it comes from a journal like the *Times*, it should be met promptly with the stern challenge of the law. Otherwise the imputations will be taken as confessed and admitted, gross and damaging as they are. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Another Tariff Speculation.

It is yet fresh in the memory of the public how the silk importers paid six or seven millions of excessive tariff duties on silk trimmings under protest, sold the goods to consumers, collected the high tariff taxes from their customers, and then recovered the millions back to go into the pockets of the importers. The consumers had paid the excessive tariff taxes once to the importers, but consumers have no relief, while the importers recover the tax back and pocket it.

Soon after the inauguration of the present administration new Custom Appraisers were appointed who understood that they were expected to put a largely increased duty upon worsteds by construction, in obedience to campaign contracts. Appraiser Leach, of Philadelphia, promptly revised the tariff law, in accordance with the new political necessities and largely increased the tariff duties upon worsteds. The importers paid and protested as they did in the silk case, but they, of course, sold their worsted goods to consumers with the increased tariff taxes added. The question was appealed to the United States Courts, and the Circuit Court of New York has just decided that the tariff taxes on worsteds are as made by Congress and not as made by Appraiser Leach and his associates.

For one year the importers of worsted goods have paid the increased tariff taxes and received the same from consumers. Now the Court declares the added tax to be unlawful, and the worsted importers will recover the excessive taxes back from the Government, pocket them as additional profits, while the consumers who really paid the unlawful taxes are without remedy. And all this comes from campaign promises for campaign contributions and the appointment of Custom Appraisers to execute campaign orders. So we go.—*Phila. Times.*

Isabella was a Fraud.

There seems to be but little doubt that Isabella did not sell her jewels in order to raise money with which to assist Columbus. The list of exploded beliefs is growing rapidly. William Tell did not shoot the apple from his son's head. Joan of Arc was not burned at the stake. Pocahontas did not save the prince of [illegible] and good fellows, Captain John Smith, and now we find out that Isabella did not sell her jewels. Next we shall learn that Cæsar was not assassinated and that George Washington lied when his father asked him about the tree.

But what difference does it make whether these old stories are true or not? We want to believe them. We feel as deeply pained when the light of truth is turned on one of these myths as we do when an old friend dies. Science is serving no good end when it disproves a favorite tradition. It is moreover, wasting its valuable time. Experience has proved that people will believe fairy tales even when they know they are false. So let the good ladies who are interested in the subject go on and have their statue to Isabella made. Let the fair queen be represented as in the act of presenting the jewels to Columbus himself. If she did not give the costly trinkets to the sturdy Genoese, the belief of all succeeding generations proves she ought to have done so. The real Isabella, after all, is the fanciful one.—*Chicago Herald.*

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant; same town, says: Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at, E. James', Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer Loretto.

THE widow of a Russian army officer and her five daughters, from poverty and false pride, committed suicide, last week, at Moscow. They locked themselves in a room and turned on the gas.

Imperial Speaker Reed.

On Tuesday last an important bill was considered and passed by the popular branch of Congress. It was the most important judiciary measure which has been acted upon since the establishment of the Federal Court system, nearly a century ago. It provides for the appointment of eighteen new Circuit Judges, two in each circuit, and gave to these Circuit Courts final appellate jurisdiction in all except some important cases.

This will relieve the Supreme Court of a great deal of the work which is now imposed upon it, and will enable Mr. Harrison to appoint eighteen partisan Judges. While it does not revolutionize it certainly materially changes the organization of the United States Courts. A bill of so much importance ought certainly to have been deliberately and thoroughly discussed. It was forced through in an afternoon under a resolution reported by Mr. Reed's Committee on Rules fixing 5 o'clock of the same day as the hour for taking a vote. Mr. Carlisle had been present at the meeting, but the hour for closing debate was surreptitiously inserted in the resolution after he had quitted the room. He protested against the limitation and the Democrats undertook to compel a seasonable debate, but they were defeated by Mr. Reed's control of the House.

Our judicial system was finally changed by a vote of less than a quorum, and without the knowledge of the country, for there was very little discussion, the debate lasting not more than an hour. In other words, there was a snap judgment.

The incident is valuable and important as showing how the country is absolutely at the mercy of Mr. Reed and the blind partisans who are rushing headlong after him. If it is possible to change the Courts, to create eighteen new Judgeships in an hour, without proper debate, without enlightening the people, what is to prevent the perpetration of any legislative crime?—*N. Y. World.*

A Town Ruined.

BAYOU SARA, LA., April 21.—After a most heroic struggle to save this city from the flood the people had to surrender to the great Father of Waters at 12:30 A. M. At that hour the guards reported that the levee had given way at the foot of Fountain street. A general alarm was sounded, and the people responded promptly to the call. This break was closed, but on examination it was found that the rising river was running over the front levee. All that human efforts could do had been done, and at last the solemn cry went up all along the line, "Give us men; we are gone," and then the confusion of the people can be better imagined than described. Every impromptu boat and raft was brought into requisition. Lanterns could be seen everywhere and the cries of men, women and children attempting to save their effects was a sight that was sickening. Not a house in town has escaped.

The beautiful Fischer building, the home of Mayor Irvine, supposed to be the highest, is submerged. The town is in ruins. Nothing but chaos and destruction meet the eye at every view. To-day it is raining hard, which makes the picture more gloomy. The water is also running over a large extent of the Pointe Coupee. The Taylor levee has given way and the Fanny Yoor crevasse will probably prove a very serious one. The large levees from the last accounts are intact but things look critical.

A New Orleans dispatch says that during the afternoon a levee gave way at Myrtle Grove plantation. In 20 minutes the break was 50 feet wide and the water rushing through in torrents. Later advices state that the crevasse is more than 2,000 feet wide and eight to ten feet deep. Much damage will inevitably result. At points above the river is reported falling and danger to the levees practically past.

The Tariff kills Trade.

The failure of the Pan-American Congress to make any arrangement for reciprocal trade between this country and the Central and South American States is much to be deplored. Nothing stood in the way but our repellant tariff laws. They prevent the importation of ores, wool, copper, etc., by duties on raw material, and they also prevent the exchange of our manufactures for the coffee, rubber, etc., which we buy and admit free of duty, but which we cannot pay for in goods the price of which is enhanced by taxation.

Subsidized ships would not mend the matter. During the year 1889 we imported into the United States manufactured woolens valued at $52,564,942; manufactured silks, $35,122,765; manufactures of hemp, jute and flax, $25,705,553; manufactures of wood, $11,218,148; manufactures of leather (chiefly gloves), $11,296,322; and manufactures of iron and steel, $42,377,793. This aggregate of over $200,000,000, which represents only a few of the leading articles of imported manufactured goods, has been brought in over the high preventive tariff wall, which adds about 50 per cent. to its cost.

How can we expect to pay the Brazilians for their coffee, the Chilians for their copper, or the Argentinians for their wool and hides with our manufactures of woolens, silks, linens, cotton, wood, leather, iron and steel, so long as they have access to free markets the same as ourselves, and with the advantage of 50 per cent. over us?—*Phila. Record.*

Bothered About the Hungarians.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—State Senator Hood of Indiana county, who is supervisor of census of the sixth Pennsylvania census district, is here on official business. Senator Hood states the law has made no provision as to the taking of the census of the Hungarians in his district. Scattered throughout that region there are probably 3 000 Huns whose language is unintelligible to the German interpreters, and Senator Hood is desirous of making special arrangements for doing this work. He will call on Superintendent Porter to-morrow. The biggest bunch of Huns is at Punxsutawney where 1700 are located.

Five Thousand Lepers in New Caledonia.

It appears that leprosy is spreading in New Caledonia in a most alarming manner. Of 40,000 Kanakas no fewer than 5000 are described as suffering from the terrible disease. Till quite recently the public authorities had taken no measures to prevent it from spreading, but now two subordinate colonies have been created—one on Goat Island, in Dumbea bay and the other in Canala, at a spot known as the Pic des Norts. Every inhabitant recognized as a leper by the medical commission is to be confined in one of these leper colonies.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. —Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at E. James', Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto. Large bottles 50c. and $1.00.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A brakeman who lost an arm in the discharge of his duty was awarded $18,000 from the Boston and Albany Railroad by a recent verdict in Boston.

—The sum of $55.000 in gold coin was sent from San Bernardino to San Francisco by mail a few days ago as second-class matter at 1 cent an ounce. An insurance company took a risk on the coin and the bank saved $150 by using the mail.

—Natural gas was struck at Chicago last week while boring for water at Canal and Randolph streets. A match applied to it caused a blaze to shoot up twenty feet high. It burned for an hour, when it was quelled. The work of boring was again resumed.

—The roads are not so straight as they might be in Radington township, Me. Last week a man who wanted to drive two yokes of oxen to the camp from the other side of Saddleback Mountain, only six miles away in a direct line had to travel 58 miles before he reached the camp.

—Seven of the supposed-to-be-sharpest and wisest lawyers in the country have made wills, passed away, and the said wills have been broken all to flinters by heirs and other lawyers. An ignorant Missouri farmer wrote his will in four lines on a slate and it stood three lawsuits and ten lawyers.

—It was a peculiarity of the late Samuel J. Randall that he left the handling of his own financial matters to his wife. It was a common occurrence for those who were frequently at home to hear him call to his young son Sammy to ask "mother" for 50 cents or $1 wherewith to buy postage stamps.

—Adam Fisher, of Stonerville, was arrested last week by the Humane Agent of Greensburg. Fisher, it is charged, has been in the habit of catching dogs and throwing them in the burning coke ovens, contentedly step back and watch with apparent delight the unfortunate animals undergo cremation.

—A wagon loaded with nitro-glycerine, used in shooting oil and gas wells, exploded on Friday at Cygnet, Ohio, with terrific force. Two men who were on the wagon were blown hundreds of yards, and nothing left of them but a few shreds of their clothing. The horses were terribly mangled and both killed, and the wagon reduced to kindling-wood.

—The log house of Farmer Andrew Young, of Penn's Hill, near Bethlehem, Pa., burned on Friday night. Two little children of Mr. Young were burned to death, and Mrs. Sielfis, the housekeeper, was horribly burned while rescuing the other children. The fire was caused by the explosion of a coal oil lamp in the room where the children slept.

—Frank Phillips, of Kentucky, who became famous by arresting single-handed six of the Hatfield gang, was shot to death by Colonel W. D. Smith, in the Upper Tug county, that State. Phillips accused Smith, who was a Confederate officer during the war, with arresting and causing the death of his (Phillips's) father, and said he intended to kill him. Smith shot first, however.

—James S. Caswell, who was convicted of the murder of George Gould, at Montpelier, Vt., some time ago, his sentence being imprisonment for life, was married last week to Mrs. Laura Gould, the wife of the murdered man. The marriage took place through the bars of Caswell's cell. Caswell and Mrs. Gould lived together as man and wife for twenty years previous to Mrs. Gould's marriage to Gould.

—Samuel Kimmball, a sixteen year old boy, of Brooklyn, died on last Friday from what appeared to be cigarette poison. The boy was a constant smoker and when brought to the hospital from his home was suffering from a dropsical condition of the legs and weak condition of the heart. The hospital doctors said that his system had been so thoroughly impregnated with nicotine that the heart was unable to perform its proper functions.

—Upton Bruce, colored, living with the Rev. Mr. Curtiss, near Groome, Prince George's county, Md., died Monday night. His death resulted from his appetite for Friday night's supper. The meal consisted of two and a half pounds of cheese, a quart of boiled navy beans, three pounds of cakes and the same of crackers, washed down with a half gallon of sweet cider. He failed to digest the cheese, and although a doctor was called in, he was beyond medical skill.

—A sensation was created at the race park at Memphis, Tenn., last Friday by a lady who gave the name of Teresa Jones. She had traveled all the way from New York, in pursuit of a rich young man named J. L. Jones, whose name she claims she has a right to bear. She awaited Jones at the entrance to the park in a stylish looking carriage, and when he appeared gave him a severe whip and tongue lashing. She was arrested and her victim refused to appear against her.

—John Rhodes, a well-known farmer, living near Green Castle, Pa., shot and instantly killed his nephew, William W. Rhodes, on Saturday evening, during a quarrel on the farm of the former. The uncle taunted his nephew about the latter's crippled son, and the young man threatened to shoot him. Rhodes then stepped into the house, got a gun and fired at his nephew, who was standing only six feet away. The load struck the young man fair in the forehead and blew the whole top of his head off. The uncle gave himself up and is now in jail at Chambersburg.

—A Kingston, N. Y., man left by will a life interest to his widow in a little estate valued at $2,000, the property after her death to be divided among 12 heirs. There being a small mortgage on this property, foreclosure proceedings followed, and the costs of court, lawyers' fees, etc., made the judgment foot up to $1,999. During her life the widow will be entitled to the interest of the remaining dollar, and at her death two of the heirs will receive 20 cents each, five of them will be given four cents each, four of them will be entitled to five cents each, and one will receive the annual interest on 25 cents during life.

—The South Penn Railroad was re-organized at Reading on Thursday. George F Baer, of Reading, was elected President, and Francis L. Stetson, Francis L. Bangs and Charles McVeigh, all of New York; James N. Maher, of Philadelphia; Jefferson Snyder and F. C. Smink, of Reading; Directors. The capital was fixed at $20.000,000. The road, when completed, will be part of the Reading railroad system. A great deal of necessary work, such as grading, bridge building, etc., has already been done. It is understood that work will be resumed at an early day. This is the road that was sold by the Sheriff of Fulton county recently.

—Sixteen year-old Mary Stewart, of Mc Keesport, is under arrest on the charge of poisoning her 4-year-old brother on Friday. It seems the girl did the cooking for the dinner paying special attention to the soup. All of the family but herself partook heartily of the soup, when all were at once seized with vomiting and pain. Physicians were called in, who pronounced the case arsenical poisoning. A 5-year-old boy died yesterday and three others of the family are in a serious condition. The girl was arrested, but she evades all questions and stoutly declares her innocence of any attempt at poisoning. She says she did not take the soup because she did not care for it.

FOSTER & QUINN,

SUCCESSORS TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

NO. 315 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.

Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored S[illegible] a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Veil[illegible] colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods in styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different st[illegible] Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Hand[illegible] Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

GOODS DELIVERED TO R. R. DEPO[illegible]

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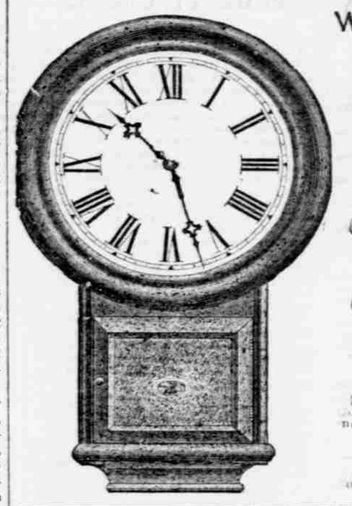

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—AND—

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—o—

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LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed [illegible] me and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885—tf.

Eckenrode & Hoppel,

Carrolltown, Penn'a

Having just returned from the Eastern cities with a full, complete assortment of merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, a large stock of Clothing, Overcoats and Gents' Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys and Children, a fine line of Ladies' and Children's Coats and Wraps, including a line of Plush goods, and Boots and Shoes, we claim to lead. Then we have Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Oilcloth, Robes and Horse Blankets not to be excelled anywhere. We are prepared to meet the public wants at the very lowest prices. We will not be undersold and always guarantee satisfaction. Soliciting your patronage and thanking you for past favors we are Respectfully Yours,

ECKENRODE & HOPPEL,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

To all visiting Philadelphia are

THE YATES STORES,
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Our Superior Clothing for Men and Boys is renowned, and though prices are very low this season we maintain the high quality.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

PARRY MFG. CO.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

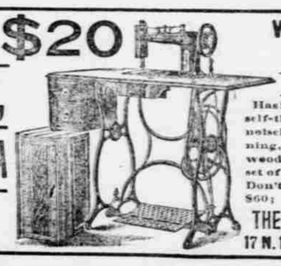
No. 7½.
Price, $18.00 at Factory, Cash with Order.

Strictly First-Class. Warranted. All Second Growth Hickory. Steel Axles and Tires. Low Rear Seat. Arms. Largest Easy Riding, Oil Tempered Spring. Best Wheels and Best All Over. Perfectly Balanced.

IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.

ONLY $20

HIGH ARM, PHILAD'A SINGER.



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15 DAYS TRIAL.

Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60; send for circular.

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Mild Climate, Summer Breezes, pure Air, Ancient Ruins, Grand Scenery. LESS THAN 4 DAYS ST. LOUIS to the CITY OF MEXICO via

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Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars with only one change via Laredo, Eagle Pass or El Paso. Winter Tourist Tickets at very low rates for sale at all Principal Coupon Stations in U. S. and Canada with privilege of visiting the Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

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"Thrift is a good revenue"

Great Saving

results from cleanliness and it is a solid cake of scouring soap

SAPOLIO

Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

GENUINE BARGAI[illegible]

—IN—

Dress Goods

of which we wish to send [illegible] reader Samples. Write to us and tell us your needs.

Fifty styles nearly all-wool fancy stripe suitings, 36 in. wide, at 25c. a yard.

A lot of double-width cashmere, new colorings, made specially for us, only 25c. a yard.

All-wool fancy stripes, choice new spring shades, 36 inches wide, regular 50c. goods at only 38c. a yard.

40 pieces all-wool mixed suitings, 50 in. wide, 36c. [illegible]

A lot of all-wool stripe cots, choice colorings, 36 in. wide, 44c a yard.

One hundred pieces, every different in colorings or design plaids, stripes, checks and cross bars; cashmere weight [illegible] 50c. a yard.

A lot of all-wool 50 in. [illegible] band suitings, 75c. quality 50c a yard.

Another, 56 inch, all-wool spring weight stripe suiting 75c. a yard.

In finer goods up to the finest cloths, made in foreign countries expressly for us, our stock is complete.

Summer silks of every description in very large variety.

Write to our Mail Order Department.

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AGENTS.—The work will be sold by subscription only. We are now ready to appoint canvassers. Applicants should state experience. Persons [illegible] can have their own book the only one in which he has a personal interest, will bear on the title page the imprint of

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PILES. SYMPTOMS—Moisture, [illegible] and intense itching. Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Secondary Symptoms—Fissure, Fistula, Ulceration, and in most cases Fatal Results. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is a sure cure for the itching of the private parts, and for any disease of the skin, whether it appears on the face, hands, body or limbs, as Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Pimples, Blotches, Blackheads, Scurf, Dandruff, Tetter, Barber's Itch, Scaly or Crusty Skin, and Scrofulous Sores or Swellings. It is equally efficacious in curing Chronic Sore Eyes, Sore Nipples, Sore Heads, Chronic Sore Ears, Fever Sores, Scalds, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Sore Feet, Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pains in the Back and Joints, Contracted Muscles, Neuralgia, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Inflammation, Congestion, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Abscesses, Tumors, Cancers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurvy, Mercurial Diseases, Blood Poisons, Scrofula, Consumption, Fever and Ague, Chills, Dropsy, Gout, Gravel, Kidney Complaints, Nervousness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Worms, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, Nausea, Vomiting, Sea Sickness, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Spinal Complaints, Epilepsy or Fits, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, Impotency, Sexual Debility, Involuntary Discharges, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, Stone in the Bladder, Gravel, Brights Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Irregularities, Suppressions, Leucorrhœa, Uterine Diseases, Change of Life, Diseases of Infancy and Childhood, Rickets, Marasmus, Canker, Thrush, Teething, Summer Complaints, Cholera Infantum, Worms, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Fits, Paralysis, Spinal Complaints, Deformities, Contracted Muscles, Diseases of the Blood, Skin, Kidneys, Bladder, Sexual Organs, Urinary Organs, Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Lungs, Throat, Heart, Nerves, Brain, Head, Eyes, Ears, Nose, Face, Hands, Feet, Joints, Muscles, Bones, Nails, Hair, Beard, Whiskers, Moustache, Eyebrows, Eyelashes, Pimples, Blotches, Blackheads, Scurf, Dandruff, Tetter, Barber's Itch, Scaly or Crusty Skin, Scrofulous Sores or Swellings, Chronic Sore Eyes, Sore Nipples, Sore Heads, Chronic Sore Ears, Fever Sores, Scalds, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Sore Feet, Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pains in the Back and Joints, Contracted Muscles, Neuralgia, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Inflammation, Congestion, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Abscesses, Tumors, Cancers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurvy, Mercurial Diseases, Blood Poisons, Scrofula, Consumption, Fever and Ague, Chills, Dropsy, Gout, Gravel, Kidney Complaints, Nervousness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Worms, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, Nausea, Vomiting, Sea Sickness, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Spinal Complaints, Epilepsy or Fits, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, Impotency, Sexual Debility, Involuntary Discharges, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, Stone in the Bladder, Gravel, Brights Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Female Weakness, Irregularities, Suppressions, Leucorrhœa, Uterine Diseases, Change of Life, Diseases of Infancy and Childhood, Rickets, Marasmus, Canker, Thrush, Teething, Summer Complaints, Cholera Infantum, Worms, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Fits, Paralysis, Spinal Complaints, Deformities, Contracted Muscles, Diseases of the Blood, Skin, Kidneys, Bladder, Sexual Organs, Urinary Organs, Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Lungs, Throat, Heart, Nerves, Brain, Head, Eyes, Ears, Nose, Face, Hands, Feet, Joints, Muscles, Bones, Nails, Hair, Beard, Whiskers, Moustache, Eyebrows, Eyelashes, Pimples, Blotches, Blackheads, Scurf, Dandruff, Tetter, Barber's Itch, Scaly or Crusty Skin, Scrofulous Sores or Swellings, Chronic Sore Eyes, Sore Nipples, Sore Heads, Chronic Sore Ears, Fever Sores, Scalds, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Chilblains, Frost Bites, Sore Feet, Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pains in the Back and Joints, Contracted Muscles, Neuralgia, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Sore

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - APRIL 25, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—The falling rain is making the meadows look green.

—Mr. Oliver Philips, of Pittsburg, was in town this week.

—Mr. Ed. Bolsinger, of Altoona, was in town on Monday.

—It is said that Hastings will have a bank in the near future.

—Garden-making is the great industry of the present time.

—Five new boarders were added to the jail table on Tuesday.

—Mr. T. A. Sharbaugh, of Carrolltown, was in town on Sunday.

—Painters have begun work on the new house of Mr. A. W. Buck.

—Prof. John McCormick, of Summerhill township was in town on Monday.

—Squire Peterson, of Reade township, was a visitor to our town on Monday.

—Prof. J. S. Foley, of St. Augustine, spent a few hours in town on Tuesday.

—Register and Recorder Blair is putting a cellar under the back part of his house.

—Mrs. E. Dufton has returned home from a visit to her daughter at Detroit, Michigan.

—It is said that a Chinaman will open a laundry in Ebensburg in the near future.

—The bridge across the Conemaugh at Summerhill is now completed and ready for trial.

—Johnstown is said to be flooded with counterfeit silver coin—dollars, halves and quarters.

—The cellar door at the house of Mr. George Roberts has been removed. A good example.

—Ex-Sheriff Blair, who has been on the sick list for some time past, is again able to be out.

—There are now 277 inmates in the Huntingdon Reformatory, of whom 119 are from Philadelphia.

—Miss Ann McDonald, of this place, who spent the winter in Baltimore, arrived home on Wednesday.

—Henry Duman, of Barr township, spent Monday and Tuesday in Johnstown, and returned home on Wednesday.

—The body of another flood victim, that of a large man, was taken from the Stony-creek at Johnstown on Tuesday.

—McGinty is the name of a postoffice just established in Carbon county, this State. People will know now where to find M'Ginty.

—Mr. Cyrus Shepard, of Conemaugh, formerly a teacher in the Ebensburg school, was a visitor to Ebensburg, on Tuesday.

—Early last week strawberries were selling in New York at $1.50 per box. They have since dropped down to 20 cents per box.

—In order to accommodate their many patrons Messrs. L. M. Woolf & Son continued their stay in Ebensburg until Thursday.

—Anthony Anna, Esq., administrator of J. H. Wolf, deceased advertises a lot of ground in Hastings for sale on 24th of May next.

—County Treasurer Thomas E. Howe, started on Monday last along with several other gentlemen from Johnstown, on a trip to Kentucky.

—Mr. J. A. Shoemaker has purchased a five acre field in the west end of town from Mrs. Lemon, paying therefor the sum of five hundred dollars.

—Dr. H. Somerville of Chest Springs, who is rapidly rising to a prominent position in the medical profession, paid our town a brief visit on Wednesday.

—Mrs. E. R. Dunegan, of St. Augustine, is visiting her mother Mrs. Gurley, of this place, who has been quite ill lately, but is now on a fair way to recovery.

—"Reddy" Faloon from Johnstown, was captured while pilferring in a cellar at Latrobe, one night last week and taken to jail at Greensburg to await his trial.

—A man named Samuel Thomas was found hanging to a tree on Tuesday morning near Thomas' Mills, Somerset county, about six miles south of Johnstown.

—Dr. T. J. Davison, of this place, and Dr. J. C. Sheridan of Johnstown have been appointed pension examiners to succeed Drs. Wagner and Wakefield of Johnstown.

—The Ebensburg Normal School opened on Monday under the management of Messrs. T. B. Allison and R. H. Biter, both well-known teachers. The school is well attended.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Mr. Will Ward, who has been sick for some time, has been improving with the good weather and on Tuesday, in company with Master Joseph Shoemaker, took a drive to Loretto.

—Now that the warm weather is here, why not run a Sunday train on the Branch railroad? It would be a great convenience to Ebensburg people and profitable to the railroad company.

—Peter B. Moyer an old citizen of Washington township died on Thursday of last week, in the 74th year of his age. His remains were enterred at the Summit on Saturday of last week.

—William Warnock, who was engineer on the Ebensburg and Cresson Branch, and a resident of this place about twenty-five years ago, died in Blairsville last week, aged about 60 years.

—Mrs. Patrick Maloy, an aged lady of near Chest Springs, who has been dangerously ill with pheumonia for some time past has taken a turn for the better and is now on a fair way for recovery.

—Elmer Furguson, a carpenter whose home is in Altoona, employed by A. A. Brewer, fell from a house at the Carbon coal works, Westmoreland county on Saturday, and had his left leg broken.

—The farm house of Josiah Piper, of Cook township, Westmoreland county with nearly all its contents, was destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon. Caused by a defective flue. Loss, $1,500; no insurance.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—On Sunday forenoon some boys who were engaged in boat riding in the Stony-creek at Johnstown, discovered the body of a man in the water, but it was so badly decomposed that it could not be identified.

—Mr. C. T. Roberts, of Ebensburg, for whose use the room in Grand Army building is being fitted up to accommodate his book store, came down on Monday in the interest of his business.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—For several days past forest fires have been raging on the mountains above Ashville, and an immense amount of timber has been destroyed. The present rain will be welcomed by the people of that vicinity as it will be only means of putting a stop to the devastating element.

—On Wednesday of last week the office of Dr. J. J. Oatman in Altoona, was entered by a sneak thief and $80 in cash carried off. The many friends of the Doctor in this place will be sorry to learn of his loss.

—On Sunday fire got into the dry grass on the farm of Mr. T. L. Jones, south of town, and for a time fences and buildings were threatened. By hard work the fire was gotten under control before any damage was done.

—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decided recently that farmers and gardeners who sell from door to door produce of their own raising do not come under the provisions of the law relating to peddlers and hucksters.

—A brakeman named McNeal was thrown a distance of forty feet from a box car, while moving over a bridge at Dunn's Station, Westmoreland county, Tuesday morning. Death was instantaneous. He lived at Everson.

—There are 24,000 public school teachers in the State, 16,000 of whom are females and 8,000 males. During the past year 547 new school houses were erected and over $266,000 in excess of 1888 were spent on school property.

—A decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania gives to the farmer the right to work out his road tax. The right has been denied in some parts of the State, and a decision by the highest authority was necessary to settle the question.

—The new postal law now makes the taking of a newspaper and the refusal to pay for the same, theft, and any person guilty of such an act is liable to criminal proceedings, the same as if he had stolen goods to the amount of his subscription.

—A little twelve-year-old girl named Kitty Caldwell, living near the Kettle, in Blair county, was shockingly burned on Wednesday of last week while burning brush in the yard of her parent's home, by her clothing taking fire. She died a few hours afterward.

—A four horse team got frightened on Julian street on Friday last at a passing by cycle and before it could be gotten under control turned in on the pavement at the corner of Julian and Sample streets, broke down the lamp-post and smashed the lamp into smithereens.

—Quite a number of our local sportsmen have been out in quest of the "speckled beauties" but up to this time none of them have paraded the streets on their return with their strings on exhibition. On the return trip they always get home by the back way and the count is hard to verify.

—A person receiving a letter through the postoffice by mistake, or finding one on the street or elsewhere, can under no pretense, designedly break the seal without subjecting himself to a severe penalty; the indorsement, "opened by mistake," being "too thin." The penalty varies from a fine not exceeding $500 to imprisonment for ten years.

—A gang of swindlers, are going around the country offering to furnish a good eight wire fence with iron posts, for eight cents per foot, and secure a contract, which afterward turns out to mean eight cents per foot for each wire, or a total of sixty-four cents per foot. Look out for these outlaws and take no stock in a man you know nothing about.

—The committee on search for the dead met at the rooms of the Flood Finance Committee on Monday and decided to resume work at once with two gangs of twelve men each, one beginning at about Vine street and the other at Coopersdale, and continuing until a change of programme is ordered. Mr. James N. Rea was elected clerk of the Committee. There are about $3,000 still in the search fund.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Mr. David McCoy, of thefirm of Taylor & McCoy, merchants and coal operators at Gallitzin, was stricken with a paralytic stroke at the Girard Hotel, Philadelphia, on last Friday evening and died on Saturday morning at St. Joseph's Hospital whither he was removed on Friday evening. The deceased was 48 years of age and leaves nine children to survive him, his wife having preceded him to the grave about two years ago.

—Mr Otis Lloyd, who for some time past was an employe as foreman on the FREEMAN, will next week go to Carrolltown where he will be employed in a like capacity on the *News*. Mr. Lloyd is a first class typo, understands his business thoroughly and is a valuable adjunct to any printing office. His departure from the FREEMAN was occasioned by the fact that since school has closed Harry Hasson, son of the proprietor will fill the position on the FREEMAN vacated by Mr. Lloyd.

—Julius Sabbath, of Sixteenth ward, Johnstown, disappeared from his home on Sunday night and his family consisting of a wife and six children are very uneasy about him. He is described as being about five feet three inches in height and weighs about one hundred and thirty pounds. His hair is black. He had on a sack coat, light striped pants, and plush cap. There was a prayer book in his pocket with the family name therein. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his almost distracted family.

—Rev. Father Boyle left here on Tuesday of last week, and sailed from New York for Bermuda, where he will await the arrival of Rev. J. T. Burns, of Dudly, Pa., who was to accompany him, but was delayed until Monday morning. From there he will accompany Father Boyle to Cuba, and from there to Florida. The best wishes of their thousands of friends go with them, and the earnest prayer of all is that Father Boyle may fully recover his health, which is the object of his trip, and we are certain he could have no more pleasing companion than Father Burns. We wish them both a pleasant trip and safe return.—*Gallitzin Vindicator.*

—A writer in a sporting paper makes an interesting comparison of the various modes of locomotion, with the follo wing result: A man can swim a mile in 26 minutes 52 seconds; he can walk it in 6 minutes 23 seconds; he can cover it on snoe shoes in 5 minutes 39¾ seconds; he can run the distance in 4 minutes 12¾ seconds; he can ride it on a tricycle in 2 minutes 49 2-5 seconds; on a bicycle in 2 minutes 29 4-55 seconds, and can skate in 2 minutes 12 3-5 seconds. Behind a trotting horse he gains nearly four seconds by covering the distance in 2 minutes 8¾ seconds, while on a running horse he gallops the mile in 1 minute 39⅗ seconds and last and fastest, he sits in a railroad train and flies over a mile of steel rails in 50⅘ seconds.

—Thieves effected an entrance into the cellar of the Hotel Denny of this place, early on Thursday morning and in their arder to make a clean sweep did not leave edibles enough for breakfast. They carried off all the bread, cakes, pies and meat in the cellar and then struck for the bar, where they ransacked every drawer and where they got some two or three dollars in small change. One bottle of liquor is all that is missing in the spirits line, but the proprietor cannot tell whether any was taken from the barrels, or not. The entrance was made by hoisting the lower sash of the cellar window and then by unscrewing the hasp of a door they had the free run of the lower part of the house. It is supposed to be the work of the same gang that has been operating in this town for several years and up to this time have escaped detection.

—Mr. Wm. Scanlan and wife of this place are visiting friends in Indiana.

— John Sharbaugh, Esq., of Summit, was in town on business, for a few hours on Thursday.

—A teacher of a country school in Jefferson county put in the last nine weeks of her term, with but one scholar in attendance.

—Miss Linda Jones, granddaughter of H. Kinkead, Esq., who has been visiting friends here for several weeks past, returned to her home in Kane, Pa., on Wednesday.

—Mr. J. G. C. Bearer, of Carroll township, on Tuesday last passed through this place on his way to Pittsburg, accompanied by his daughter Miss Etta, who will enter a convent in that city.

—Mary Biller, the six-year-old daughter of William and Mary Biller, of Carroll township and a granddaughter of Mr. Andrew Strittmatter, died at her parents home on Saturday last, after a short illness.

—Will Campbell, a young man aged 18, of New Florence, who had been in the habit of jumping on and off freight trains, was found lying dead along the railroad track at that place on Tuesday morning. It is thought that during the night he was struck by a passing train while getting on or off a freight. He was horribly mangled.

—A little daughter of A. O. Tinsman, of Madison, Westmoreland county, was terribly mangled by a savage dog on Monday. She had been sent to a neighbor's house, and when entering the yard, was attacked by the vicious brute. The animal threw her down and tore nearly all the clothes from her person. She was injured so badly that she will probably not recover. She was rescued just as her arm was being chawed off by the savage brute.

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior workmanship of their designs are evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work, from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They have ordered forty tons of marble which will arrive in March and April, and they will then have as fine a stock of the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in their line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

School Report.

The following is the report of the Ebensburg Public Schools for month ending April, 1890:

TEACHERS.	Average Enrolled.			Average attendance.			Visits.
	Room No.	Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.	
Allie Lloyd	1	36	32	08	34	62	17
Effie Myers	2	25	21	46	23	69	24
Maggie Sheckler	3	19	16	35	17	51	0
Annie Jones	4	16	20	36	14	15	29	0
T. B. Allison	5	17	7	24	16	5	21	0
Totals		113	96	209	104	82	186	41

These perfect in attendance: Room No. 1 Edson Hill, Emmett Weakland, Otto Luttringer, Harry Bennett, Jesse Evans, Arthur Hill, Dannie Thomas, Harry Jones, Irvin Geoid, Adam Hacker, Walter Abel, Richard Owens, Hugh Brown, Tommie Evans, Bertie Connell.

Room No. 2.—Herbie Evans, Elmer Davis, David Evans, Harry Connell, Leo Luttringer, Walter Jones, Ernest Weakley, Arthur Evans, Clifford Jones, Bessie Evans, Annie Owens, Ida Esterline, Lizzie Ludwig, Floy Stiles, Lyda Ludwig, Ethel Shields, Bessie James, Edith Barker, Mary Connell, Mamie Thompson, Florence Evans.

Room No. 3.—Peter Ludwig, Ollie Davis, Wallace Humphreys, Chas. Evans, Willie Leighty, Willie Cole, Wellington Evans, Joseph Luttringer, Daisy Corbin, Mary Davis, Ada Jones, Mary Nipple, Myrtle James, Maud Shenefelt, Annie McBreen, May Leighty.

No. 4.—Annie Shields, Annie Davison, Maud Richardson, May Griffith, Sadie Nipple, Minnie Kirschner, Edgar Evans, Cordie Snyder, Fred Jones, Amos James, William Burkhart, Willie McCabe, Ollie Stough, Harry Shenefelt, Albert Morris.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, April 23, 1890:

Joseph Peter and Annie May Kirsh, Barr township.

Curtis L. Potter, Morrellville and Maggie Bishop, Sheridan.

Charles E. Bagley, Morrellville and Crissie M. Hill, West Taylor township.

Archibald Farrell and Ellen Leonard, Barr township.

Jame R. Baker and Margaret Lape, Johnstown.

William H. Root, Altoona and Ellen G. Leighty, Ebensburg.

Thomas G. Clifford, Lockport, Westmoreland county and Annie Horner, Johnstown.

Thomas Delozier and Mary Boyle, Johnstown.

John W. Gains, Delaney and Margaret Robbins, Gallitzin township.

John W. Hess, Johnstown and Sadie A. James Morrellville.

John A. Thomas and Hattie Rebrig, Johnstown.

C. W. Moran, Loretto, and Mary M. Hite, Carroll township.

John Bertram and Catharine Volk, Gallitzin.

Roman Fiklinski and Annie Comiski, Johnstown.

Robert Cashman and Sarah McBride, Johnstown.

Daniel Stump and Bertha Maud Judy, Franklin.

Lorenzo S. Livingstone, Johnstown and Larina Stutzman, Upper Yoder township.

Andrew Nebhur and Mary Markferding, Johnstown

Michael Elias and Mary Skucik, Johnstown.

For the Cure

of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh, after all other modes of treatment have failed.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Fetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Communicated.

CHEST SPRINGS, PA., April 18, 1890.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

DEAR SIR:—Quite an agitation exists in in this section regarding the salary of the Superintendent of Schools of this county which is to be filled at the coming election. The sentiment is general that the action of the last convention in adding 50 per cent. to this officer's pay was entirely unnecessary and unwise. No valid reasons for the increase were given at the time and none such have been given since. The person who made the motion although asked to explain his action, has never done so. It was untimely because the salary had been increased but 25 per cent. but a few years before; unnecessary, because the $1,000 was liberal and fully adequate to the services required from the officer; unwise, because the the practice of quadrupling the salaries of our county officers, which has become customary in the lifetime of a generation, has been productive of the very worst results, evoking each year a scramble for these offices which is in the last degree disgraceful, and marked by actions as in this county during the past year which are a scandal to Christianity and the shame of all parties. Finally, the increase of the salary was unjust; first, because like at least 90 per cent. of the school fund, these salaries are generally paid to persons who pay no tax. I remember a few years ago seeing a school officer, whose salary was $1,000 a year, pay his tax with 75 cents. Secondly, the men who pay the bulk of these taxes in this county are now oppressed beyond endurance. They demand relief and will not take a refusal. Let us not hear again as we have in the past that this money comes from the State and therefore it makes little difference. We don't intend to waste any time in listening to such nonsense. Hoping that the salary of the County Superintendent will be promptly changed to $1,000 a year, I remain

Yours truly,
DIRECTOR.

A Mistake.

The body of a young man was found on one of the railroads near Pittsburg several days ago terribly maagled. It was taken to the morgue and on Sunday Dr. J. L. Evans, of Johnstown, while looking for a young son of his who had been missing from home for some time, visited the morgue and was horrified to recognize in the pallid and battered features of the cörpse on the marble slab those of his wandering boy.

The shock was a terrible one, and it was quite a while before the doctor could compose himself sufficiently to give directions for the preparation of the body for shipment to his Johnstown home.

This sad duty performed, Dr. Evans went over on the South Side, Pittsburg, to visit a friend. He had scarcely seated himself when in walked his missing son, whom, less than a half hour previously he had so positively identified in the morgue. Dr. Evans and his son hastily went to the morgue and explained that the dead man was not known to them, but offered to see that the body of the unfortunate unknown was decently interred.

DIED.

BRANIFF.—Died at his home in Summerhill township on Friday, April 18th, 1890, Mr. Michael Braniff aged about 75 years.

JOHN C. FINCH,
DEALER IN
Golden - Wedding - Rye - Whiskies,
136 WATER STREET, PITTSBURG, PA.

Oldest established house in the city, where nothing but pure goods are put up, strictly for family and medicinal use. Nothing better than Golden Wedding. Next on the list, Gwekenheimer's, Gray's Monongahela Rye; these goods are leading brands. Brandies of vintage of 1878 on hand. Give Holland and Domestic, also Old Tom. Finch's Golden Wedding, $1.50 for full quart, 6 for $8.00; Guckenheimer's the best Monongahela, $8.00 per dozen. Wines, $5.00 per dozen; $3.00 for one-half dozen. Securely boxed. Also have in stock, Grandfather's Choice, at $2.00 per gallon, barrels at special rates. Apr. 25, '90-1y.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF PETER B. MOYERS, DECEASED.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Peter B. Moyer, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indepted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to us without delay and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated, for settlement us.
F. M. GEORGE,
SIMON CONRAD,
Executors of the last will and Testament of Peter B. Moyers, deceased. Apr6-6t

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office on Centre street, near High.

Correspondence.

Our Wednesday sixth correspondent visited St. Vincent's Abbey. It was the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Roman Catholic parish of Latrobe and the founding of the first house of the order of St. Benedict in the United States. The occasion was signalized with interesting and impressive ceremonies. A pontifical high mass was celebrated by Bishop Phelan, Rev. Father Morris, O. S. B., delivered a historical sermon of much interest. Other priests likewise participated in the services. The vault where the remains of Father Browers, founder of the parish, repose was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens.

St. Vincent's monastery, as most of our readers are aware, is situated about two miles west of Latrobe and eight miles east of Greensburg, on an eminence commanding a view of the country for miles around. The founder of the parish was Father Browers, a Hollander. He was of the Franciscan order of monks and spent his early days as a missionary in the west India Islands. He landed at Philadelphia in the fall of 1789. It was his desire to establish a parish in western Pennsylvania. During 1787 and 1788 half a dozen Catholic families had moved from Philadelphia to the vicinity where Latrobe is now situated and Father Browers determined to found his parish among them.

With this end in view Father Browers purchased white in Philadelphia a tract of land seven miles north of the present location of St. Vincent's parish, and at once set out for his new field of labor. He found, however, that the land he had purchased was not what he expected to find. The soil was poor and the situation was undesirable. Determined to possess a choice location, he negotiated with John Hunter, a wealthy Philadelphia gentleman, and on the 16th of April, 1790, bought the present site, consisting of 300 acres for £475.

On top of the hill where the monastery now stands was a little rude log cabin known as "Sportmen's Hall." The country was wild and abounded with game and the little cabin derived its name from the fact that it was made the headquarters of the annual hunting expidition of the proprietor and his friends. Many stories are told of the carousals in "Sportmen's Hall."

It was there that the devout old missionary, Father Browers, started with his own private fortune St. Vincent's parish. He saw none of the fruit of his labor, however, for in the fall of the same year, worn out by a life of self-sacrificing labor in heathen lands, he died, occupying the first grave in the parish burying ground. Other hands took up the work. Additions were built to the old log cabin and in 1810 a log church was erected.

In 1833 Father Stillinger took charge of the parish and began the erection of the brick church which yet stands. It was completed in 1835 and was dedicated by Bishop Kendrick. Shortly before this a two story brick building was erected which was used by the Sisters of Mercy. It was the first convent of that order in the State, and was established by the efforts of Bishop O'Connor.

The monastery was founded in 1846 by Arch Abbott Boniface Wimmer, who came from the Benedictine monastery at Metten, Bavaria. It was the first Benedictine house in the United States, and all other houses of that order in this country are offsprings of it. Notably among these abbeys are those in Atchison, Kan., Newark, N. J., Belmont, N. C., and Searns county, Minn.

Arch Abbott Andrew Hintenach, O. S. B., is now in charge of the monastery. The grounds now comprise about 500 acres of valuable farm land. The massive brick buildings, though old, are in good repair. The first purchase of Father Browers, seven miles north, is still the property of the parish.—*Greensburg Tribune.*

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

Orphans' Court Sale
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, I will offer at public sale on the premises in the borough of Hastings, on

SATURDAY, MAY 24TH, 1890,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, viz:

All that certain lot of ground fronting fifty feet on Third Avenue and one hundred and fifty feet on Beaver Street, having thereon erected a

Two-Story Frame House
AND OUTBUILDINGS.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of bid on day of sale; balance of one half on confirmation of sale, and balance in one year thereafter with interest, to be secured by judgment bond and mortgage. ANTHONY ANNA,
Apr. 25 3t. Administrator of J. H. Wolf, dec'd.

Election Notice.

To the School Directors of Cambria County:

GENTLEMEN.—In pursuance of the forty-third section of the Act of May 8, 1854, you are hereby notified to meet in convention at the Court House, in Ebensburg, at 1 P. M. on the FIRST TUESDAY in MAY, A. D. 1890, being the sixth day of the month and select, viva voce, by a majority of the whole number of Directors present, one person of literary and scientific acquirements, and of skill and experience in the art or teaching, as County Superintendent, for the three succeeding years; and certify the result to the State Superintendent, at Harrisburg, as required by the thirty-ninth and fortieth sections of said act.

J. W. LEECH,
County Superintendent of Cambria County.
Ebensburg, Pa., April 14, 1890.-3t.

NOTICE.—TO THE HEIRS AND LEGAL REPRESENTATIVES OF THOMAS DUNCAN, DEC'D.

Take Notice, That an inquest will be held at the late residence of Thomas Duncan, deceased, in the township of Blacklick, in the County of Cambria, on **Tuesday, the 20th day of May** next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, and in the city of Altoona, County of Blair, on the premises, corner Thirteenth Street and Seventh Avenue, on **Wednesday, the 21st day of May** next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said decedent to and among his heirs and legal representatives. If the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, value and appraise the same according to law, at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

J. C. STINEMAN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Pa., April 25, 1890.-3t

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that having been appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Commissioner to take testimony and report decree in the case of Mary Linn vs. Carl Linn, No. 159 December Term, 1889, I will sit at my office, corner of Franklin and Stonycreek streets, in the city of Johnstown, County of Cambria, Pa., on FRIDAY, NINTH day of MAY, A. D. 1890, at TEN o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of my said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend.

HORACE E. ROSE,
Commissioner.
Johnstown, Pa., April 12, 1890.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of John T. Long, administrator of Dr. W. A. Barnett, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1890, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all parties interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

ALVIN EVANS,
Ebensburg, Pa., April 7, 1890.-3t Auditor.

ASSIGNEES NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Michael Hoffman of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, has made an assignment of all his property, real and personal and seized to me in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to said Michael Hoffman are therefore notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to me.

W. A. B. LITTLE,
Assignee of Michael Hoffman.
Loretto, Pa., April 14, 1890.-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the account of Charles Weakland and P. P. Miller, administrators of W. A. Hager, deceased.

Having been appointed auditor to report on the exceptions filed and to make distribution to the persons legally entitled thereto, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office, in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1890, at ten o'clock A. M., at which time and place parties interested may attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

T. W. DICK,
April 4, 1890.-3t. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—
ESTATE OF HENRY WILLEBRAND, DEC'D.

The undersigned, having been appointed auditor to ascertain liens against the heirs of decedent, and a fair bride on exceptions filed to the first and final account of Florence Willebrand, Administrator of decedent, and make distribution of the fund in his hands, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment when and where all parties interested may attend.

A. V. BARKER.
Ebensburg, April 16, 1890.-3t. Auditor.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF GEPHART BENDER, DEC'D.

Letters of administration on the estate of Gephart Bender, late of Lilly Borough, Cambria county, Penna., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY BENDER,
Administratrix of Gephart Bender, dec'd.
Lilly, Pa., April 10, 1890.-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to distribute the balance in the hands of Thomas D. Evans, one of the executors of David E. Evans, (Weaver) deceased, as shown by his first and final account, to and among those entitled to receive the same, will sit at his office, in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1890, at ten o'clock A. M., at which time and place those interested may attend or be debarred from coming in on said fund. T. W. DICK,
April 4, 1890.-3t. Auditor.

PERUVIAN TONIC LIVER REGULATOR.
The only sure and radical cure for
CONSTIPATION,
BILIOUSNESS,
INDICESTION,
and all disorders of the liver, and has cured hundreds of people and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful physicians have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair county, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by **D. T. Kerling, Williamsburg, Pa.**, for the P. T. L. R. Co., and for sale by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle.
None genuine except label shows the Indian arrow-head trade mark.
April 25th, '90-1y.

400 Acres. 37th Year.
SALESMEN WANTED.
To represent one of the largest NURSERIES in the country. We guarantee satisfaction to all customers. No previous experience necessary. Salary and expenses from start. Address, stating age,
HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
Maple Ave. Nurseries, West Chester, Pa.
March 28, 1890.-4t.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA
Office in Collonade Row, on Centre street.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

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J. W. LEECH,
County Superintendent of Cambria County.
Ebensburg, Pa., April 14, 1890.-3t.

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Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Pa., April 25, 1890.-3t

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Assignee of Michael Hoffman.
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T. W. DICK,
April 4, 1890.-3t. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—
ESTATE OF HENRY WILLEBRAND, DEC'D.

The undersigned, having been appointed auditor to ascertain liens against the heirs of decedent, and a fair bride on exceptions filed to the first and final account of Florence Willebrand, Administrator of decedent, and make distribution of the fund in his hands, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of attending to the duties of his appointment when and where all parties interested may attend.

A. V. BARKER.
Ebensburg, April 16, 1890.-3t. Auditor.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.
ESTATE OF GEPHART BENDER, DEC'D.

Letters of administration on the estate of Gephart Bender, late of Lilly Borough, Cambria county, Penna., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY BENDER,
Administratrix of Gephart Bender, dec'd.
Lilly, Pa., April 10, 1890.-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to distribute the balance in the hands of Thomas D. Evans, one of the executors of David E. Evans, (Weaver) deceased, as shown by his first and final account, to and among those entitled to receive the same, will sit at his office, in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, APRIL 29, 1890, at ten o'clock A. M., at which time and place those interested may attend

The Legal Lover.

"Birdie," exclaimed the youth, "listen to me."

William Erskine Bumblebee rose to his feet and spoke with all the earnestness and self-possession that two years of unremitting study for the practice of law can confer upon a young man of good natural abilities.

"Birdie," he said, with vehement voice and sweeping gesture, "this is the first disagreement we have ever had. I ask you the plain, simple categorical question: 'Will you be my wife?' and you answer 'No.' That raises an issue at once. My asking you, of course, implies an intention on my part to make you my wife. Your answer is an obstruction, an obstacle in the way of carrying out that design or intention on my part. It is in the nature of a demurrer, yet it is not in suitable form. It is inoperative and void. Now, if not in proper form, nor based on sufficient grounds, as I shall show by unquestionable authority, it follows—"

"But, William," interposed the amazed young woman, "have I not the right to—"

"The question of the right in this matter," said the young man severely, "comes in afterward. I have the opening. You can be heard later on. The case, as I understand it," he continued, knitting his brows and raising his voice, "may be stated thus: We hold a conference, this evening, here, by appointment, in this parlor, which parlor your father, John Abraham Snaggsford, knowing that it was not improbable that such a conference as this might be held here from time to time, he being the father of eight unmarried daughters. Very good. We meet here. I ask you a direct question in the course of this conference. I came here to ask that question. It is a matter of record. You did not take any exceptions to it as a question. You did not object. You merely answered no. I immediately take exceptions to your answer. I raise the point that it should have been otherwise, and the authorities will sustain me—"

"No, they won't," roared old Mr. Snaggsford, as he burst into the room. "The authorities don't do anything of the kind, young man! The authorities," he vociferated, catching Mr. Bumblebee by the collar and propelling him rapidly to the door, "decide that this parlor wasn't made for bellowing young squirts that think themselves lawyers to do their practicing in! Get out of here!"

And with the energetic assistance of Mr. Snaggsford, freely and ungrudgingly rendered, William Erskine Bumblebee got out of there. His first case had been a failure.

A Story of Early Petroleum Days.

Quincy Robinson related an incident of the early history of the oil regions recently, which may give the children of the present generation a vague idea of the magnitude of the transactions which took place when oil was $8 and $9 a barrel, and poor people gained a competency by scooping it off the surface of creeks, or gathered it from pools around the tanks which had overflowed. The story as told by Mr. Robinson was as follows:

"Within a month after Colonel Drake had struck the first petroleum ever brought to the surface in America by means of drilling, my father and the father of my relatives here bought a tract of land comprising 1,280 acres adjoining the farm on which the Drake well was located for $350,000. Not long afterward I was sitting in their office one day—I remember it as distinctly as though it happened only yesterday—when an agent for an eastern syndicate walked in and offered $500,000 for the 1,280 acres. The owners looked at him rather incredulously for a moment, but before they could speak he had counted out on the table $500,000 in cash and drafts, which he offered for a deed of the tract. I was appalled by the sight of the pile, but my father and the father of these gentlemen retired for consultation and decided that if the property was worth $500,000 it was worth $1,000,000, and the offer was refused. Their heirs still own the land, and now it is valued at $20,000. Where they could have got dollars we could scarcely get nickels. Thus you can see what seemingly fair stories could be told of those days. They are almost incomprehensible to the present generation, but they were red hot facts," and a sigh of regret that the offer had not been accepted went round the circle.

His Unlucky Day.

I tell you what it is, said a Brooklyn man, I am firmly convinced that every man has his particular days for good and bad luck. Monday is my unlucky day. I have been watching it for twenty years, and nothing can shake me in this belief. I never begin an enterprise, no matter how trivial, or start on any journey on that day. Therefore I make Monday an off day and do nothing but potter around the house. Even these little things go wrong. Take the record of last Monday, a fair average, and be convinced:

Smashed finger while nailing board on fence.

Fell down cellar stairs with coal scuttle.

Fell over wheelbarrow while carrying step-ladder.

Sat down on chair where children had been pulling taffy.

Got swindled by peddler.

Got thumb pinched in gate.

Dropped smoothing-iron on foot.

Baby got in yard and was butted by a strange goat.

Tax man called.

While eating supper square yard of ceiling fell on the dining table.

Went to bed to escape further disaster. Had nightmare. Thought I was falling from top of Eiffel Tower. Fell out of bed and broke arm. Looked at clock and saw it lacked fifteen minutes of midnight. Laid still till clock struck twelve. Was afraid if I moved before Tuesday was ushered in I would have broken my neck.

Yes, indeed, concluded the man, Monday is my unlucky day, and I approach it with feelings akin to terror.

Be Honest and Chew FINZER'S OLD HONESTY CHEWING TOBACCO

A Pleasant Chew. Sweet Chew. Lasting Chew. Good Quality

OLD HONESTY is on the market in only one shape—3x12—full 16oz plug, the most convenient to cut for pocket or to carry whole.

Insist on having the GENUINE with the red H tin tag, made only by, John Finzer & Bros., Louisville, Ky.

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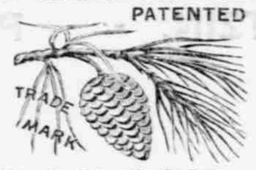

These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES; they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the BEST OF TOBACCO and FRESH PINE NEEDLES.

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PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

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Once a week for men's boots and once a month for women's is ample for perfect results. It makes the handsomest and most durable polish you ever saw. You don't have to grease and rub with a thick, oily brush. Be wise and try it. Become your grandfather worked hard is no reason you should not spare yourself this worse than useless labor.

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Attorney-at-Law,

EBENSBURG, PA.

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An Adventure in California.

"I shall never forget an adventure I had some years ago while in California," said a newspaper writer the other day.

"I was at Los Angeles and with five boon and adventuresome companions determined to go to a place called "Portuguese Bend," situated on a promontory about twenty-five miles away. It loomed up at least 800 feet above a little waiting station on the Pacific coast. We started out on a Friday morning in September to reach the "Bend." All were jolly and never dreamed of the privations in store for us. The first ten miles were all right. Then came the tug which was simply awful. Friday night found us penned in by towering hills. Saturday all day long we climbed and fought the rugged cliffs, and when night came we had made less than two miles. Not a drop of water had we seen since our start. All men suffered greatly, as did the horses. Saturday night was passed in sleepless misery. The next morning we were as lank, lean and parched as skeletons and yet no prospect of anything to slake our terrible thirst. All forenoon Sunday we searched in vain. I struck off into the mountains and wended my way up in a deep canyon whose towering walls seemed to pierce the very skies. Finally I got way up the deep crack, as it were, in the mountains, when I plunged into a den of white owls. There seemed to be millions of the things, with their ghostly, fluttering wings. I was frightened almost into a fit before I got out of the terrible place.

"I was gone nearly all forenoon, but found no water. My companions had searched high and low for me. When I got back I was exhausted and compelled to lie down. I had considerable money with me, some of it being $20 gold pieces. I would willingly have given $100 for a drink of water. But no, not a drop could I get with all the gold I might command. It seemed that I suffered the most. My companions carried me the remainder of the afternoon, and along toward evening, when the great sinking sun was shooting its lurid rays across the Pacific, we came to Portuguese Bend and found water. Oh, what bliss! I never was so happy in all my life before. No man knows what thirst is unless he has experienced it. Hunger is nowhere in comparison."

Northern Lights.

Auroras are most frequently seen in the cold and in the northern temperate zone, rarely in the southern temperate zone, and hardly ever in the tropics. The places where they most frequently appear lie between the sixtieth and seventieth degrees of north latitude. In the form of an oval, they include the geographical as well as the magnetic north pole, which is found on the peninsular Boothia Felix, Iceland, the Kara Sea, Northern Siberia, Bering Strait, Hudson Bay, Labrador, and Greenland. Northern lights have been seen as far down as the twenty-fifth degree north latitude. In full splendor, however, they may be seen only in the northern polar regions to the seventy-fifth degree of latitude. Here nature is displayed in all her grandeur. When the sun has set, and the gray veil of twilight is cast over the earth, the northern horizon grows darker and darker. Soon there may be distinguished a segment of the sky more somber than its background; this is hemmed in by white concentric arcs of light. Colored rays shoot forth therefrom in all directions. They interlace and intertwine until they seem to be woven into one fluttering band of color. And anon it changes to a sea of fire! The rays leap upward far above the zenith, form there a flaming crown, and then sink back, to begin anew the wondrous play. The most beautiful descriptions and trustworthy observations we owe to Nordenskjold and Ekama. All explanations which have been attempted as to the origin and cause of northern lights are based on analysis by the spectroscope, on the determination of the elevation, and on observations of the peculiar behavior of the magnetic.

Falling in Love Love.

"Falling in love," as modern biology teaches us to believe, is nothing more than the latest, highest, and most involved exemplification in the human race of that almost universal selective process which Mr. Darwin has enabled us to recognize throughout the whole long series of the animal kingdom. The butterfly that circles and eddies in his aerial dance around his observant mate is endeavoring to charm her by the delicacy of his coloring and to overcome her coyness by the display of his skill. The peacock that struts about in imperial pride, under the eye of his attentive hens, is really contributing to the future beauty and strength of his race by collecting to himself a harem, through whom he hands down to posterity the valuable qualities which have gained the admiration of his mates in his own person.

Mr. Wallace has shown that to be beautiful is to be efficient; and sexual selection is thus, as it were, a mere lateral form of natural selection—a survival of the fittest in the guise of mutual attractiveness and mutual adaptability, producing on the average a maximum of the best proprieties of the race in the resulting offspring. I must not dwell here upon this aspect of the case, because it is one with which, since the publication of the "Decent of Man," all the world has been sufficiently familiar.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Soldby Dr. T. J. Davison

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA

These twin diseases cause untold suffering. Doctors admit that they are difficult to cure—so do their patients. Paine's Celery Compound has permanently cured the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia—so say those who have used it.

"Having been troubled with rheumatism at the knee and foot for five years, I was almost unable to get around, and was very often confined to my bed for weeks at a time. I used only one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and was perfectly cured. I can now jump around, and feel as lively as a boy." EVANS CAROLL. Eureka, Nevada.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists. Mammoth testimonial paper free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

"Paine's Celery Compound has been a God-send to me. For the past two years I have suffered with neuralgia of the head, never a doctor failing to cure me. I have used them nearly four bottles of the Compound, and am free from the complaint. I feel very grateful to you." CHAS. H. LEWIS, Central Village, Ct.

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"I have been greatly afflicted with acute rheumatism and could find no relief until I used Paine's Celery Compound. After using six bottles of this medicine I am now cured of rheumatic troubles." SAMUEL RICHARDSON, So. Cornish, N. H.

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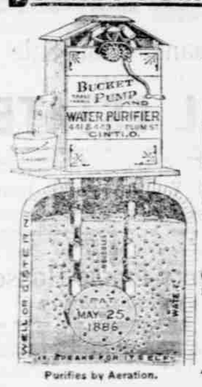
DRINK PURE WATER BY USING THE BUCKET PUMP AND WATER PURIFIER IN YOUR WELLS AND CISTERNS.



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It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be packed, primed or thawed out.
A ten-year-old boy can draw water with ease from a 50 ft. well.
No iron tubing to rust or burst. No suckers or valves to wear out.
It has no wooden tubing to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
It will not rust or corrode, as the chain is made of galvanized iron.
It is the simplest and most durable structure made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, 38 degrees below zero, as the buckets do clamp themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

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The above cut shows Picket Fence with gate. (This is not a netting.) can be used on Iron or Wood Posts. When writing for prices give Quantity, Number of Gates, Double and Single, Wanted. We also Manufacture Ready Iron Fencing, Crestings, Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters and FIRE ESCAPES, Cellar Doors, and Railings, Brass and Iron Grills, WIRE DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS, and all kinds of WIRE WORK.

TAYLOR & DEAN, 201, 203 & 205 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

An Offended Cat's Revenge.

Cats have feelings like the rest of us, says a lady writer in a New York paper, and show themselves in much the same way sometimes. Some years before I got the cat I now have, we had an unusually large Tom, with yellow patches of fur on a white background. He was a great favorite with the children, especially with the baby, who was never contented unless Tom sat on a chair beside him at meal-times and had a share of everything the baby himself ate.

One day the children received a present of a little black-and-tan dog, and they were so delighted with their new pet that Tom was left quite in the cold. When dinner-time came he got up in his accustomed place beside the baby, expecting to be fed. But baby would have none of him; nothing but the new pet would do, and so the dog occupied the place of honor, and Tom had to be thumped to make him get down.

It was an insult that called for blood, and watching his opportunity after dinner, Tom pitched into that dog, and was giving him an awful licking when the children with shouts and blows fell on the cat and beat him soundly till he fled.

When the novelty of the new pet began to wear off, however, as it did a few days ago, inquiries were made for Tom again. But no Tom could be found. Then it became known that nobody had seen him since the children beat him away from the dog. Tom was evidently lost. Perhaps the beating had broken some of his bones and he had crawled away to die. Great was the wailing, but no cat could be found. Two or three days after that I passed a neighbor's house, and there, inside the sash, seated on the window sill, washing his face in the sunshine, I saw the big yeland white spots of our Tom. He had deserted us and found a new home. I told the children and they went and got him, but no coaxing or petting could persuade him to stay in our house an hour after they let him have his liberty. He could not forget our desertion of him in favor of a rival, and he still stays with the neighbor, who gives him an excellent character.

An Indian's Pencilled Speech.

In talking about Indians and their native eloquence, John Fairchild, the lawyer, said he saw Old Wolf, the Cheyenne chief, make an affective speech with a lead pencil during a visit by Bishop Brundel at Ashland. Old Wolf took the pencil and drew a straight line and said: "Cheyennes straight."

Then he drew another straight line and said: "Black robe straight," meaning the Indian had nothing to say against the Catholic missionaries.

Then a third straight line was drawn and Old Wolf said: "White House straight." By this he did not mean the Executive Mansion, but the little white school conducted by the Sisters of Charity, which was known far and near among the Indians as the "White House."

Next a straight line was drawn part way across the page, and from one end he made a number of very crooked lines, so that the diagram looked like a cat-o'-nine-tails. This was explained by the chief as "Washington straight, but all things coming from Washington very crooked."

Then a line was drawn straight part of the way, then crooked, then straight, and so on across the page. "Indian agent straight, crooked, straight, crooked, straight crooked," was the laconic explanation.

"Crow fly round, round, round," was the sarcastic was he illustrated the characteristics of the Crow Indians by a series of loops across the page. But the climax of this speech was reached when Old Wolf drew across the paper a very crooked line and remarked with manifest contempt: "Sioux crooked, always crooked."

Inventer Edison as He Is.

I had a look at Edison the other day, and brought away the impression that no bust or picture conveys an adequate idea of the man. There is a singular power and sweetness in the face, and the man is altogether more massive and striking than popular portraits would lead one to suppose. His head is unusually large, and the brow is broad, full and serene. The nose is large and full of character, the smooth-shaven chin and jaw are good, the mouth is wide, as it should be in a man of force, and the eye is peculiarly strong and attractive. This fine head is set on a stout neck, and below spread broad shoulders and a massive chest. In the group of distinguished men of national reputation, with whom I saw him, his was by far the most striking presence. When called upon to speak, he put in an almost boyish protestation with deprecatory smile and uplifted hands, and nothing could bring him to his feet.

A clever and observant young woman recently told me of her visit to Edison's laboratory. A particularly elegant assistant moved about the room, while a man in a shabby gray coat shuffled in and sat down at a desk. This, to the young lady's surprise, proved to be Mr. Edison. The inventer had the lady's companion sing into the phonograph, and listened as best he could with his defective hearing. Later he shut himself into a little room, and for an hour after there issued from that closed chamber a curious succession of vocal sounds, while the inventer experimented with his favorite invention.

Changing the Color of the Hair.

History mentions numerous women who have endeavored, with greater or less success, to change the color of their hair. Mary Queen of Scots had naturally magnificently glossy black hair, but after the historic voyage from France overseas to Scotland, and her reception by the sandy-haired Scotch, she sought to give an auburn hue to her tresses—possibly from an æsthetic desire to be in harmony with them. Unhappy Marie Antoinette discovered a Frenchman who had compounded a powder having the quality of giving to the hair the the rich dark-brown characteristic of the madonnas painted by many of the old masters.

Tutt's Pills FOR TORPID LIVER.

A torpid liver deranges the whole system, and produces

Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Sallow Skin and Piles.

There is no better remedy for these common diseases than Tutt's Liver Pills, as a trial will prove. Price, 25c.

Sold Everywhere.

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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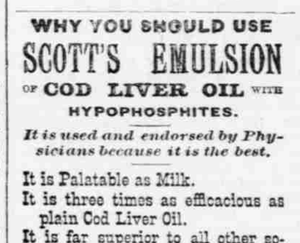

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The Sound of Light.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disc having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it, and thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

Recently a more wonderful discovery was made. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum or rainbow. The disc is turned, so the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, place the ear to the vessel containing the lampblack, wool or other material. As the various lights of the spectrum fall upon it, loud sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts.

For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light falls upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others. The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful things will come from it.

Cats and the Moon.

Everybody knows the superstitions of sailors, particularly, of course, in regard to their sailing on Friday; but they are also superstitious on other points, and from this fact we get the saying, "Rats desert a sinking ship." Again, they resent the presence of a cat on board, and usually that of a dog, although as regards both of these instances the superstition is not sufficiently widespread to altogether prevent its occurence. Speaking of cats, it is well known that they were held in such high respect by the ancient Egyptians that their mummies are met with about as frequently as human beings, and it was from a superstitious belief in the intervention in the affairs of men that special goddess among the Egyptians was represented with the head of a cat, and a temple was erected to her in the town of the name she bore—Bubastis. In the Egyptian mythology Bubastis was the child of Isis and Osiris and the sister of Horus. What is not so generally known is the fact that the cat was among the Egyptians symbolical of the moon. As to the moon there was in ancient times many superstitions. The word "lunacy" is derived from the name of that planet, and the disorder is still believed by many to be caused by it at its full. Sailors in the tropics have been known to have become temporarily deranged because of sleeping with their faces exposed to the rays of the full moon, while fresh fish hung on deck under the same conditions is said to spoil in a short time.

What the British Soldier Eats.

Writing about the British army a prominent military man says that the pay of a private soldier of a line regiment—which is the smallest man's rate of pay in the army—is one shilling per diem. In addition to his pay he receives a a daily ration of three-quarters of a pound of meat and one pound of white bread. During peace everything else he requires he has to purchase from his daily pay. When on active service he is well fed free of charge.

There has been a great deal of nonsense talked and written of late about the insufficiency of the soldier's food. The fact is he gets plenty of it, but has to pay for much of it out of his own pocket. Examine any corps on parade and the plump, ruddy appearance of the men will prove how well he is fed. In addition to the daily rations, which have already described, every commanding officer purchases tea, sugar, milk, vegetables, etc., at a daily cost of about 1½d. to each man. Most men buy in the canteens bear, hot sausages, butter, eggs and other luxuries. In his recreation room the soldier can be served at all hours with good tea, coffee, bread and butter, etc. The question for the government to consider is how much of the soldier's daily food is to be paid for by the State.

Servants in Brazil.

American women who are deploring the lack of good servants in this country, should read "Para and the Amazons," by William B. Ogden. In it he says that servants are very bad, wages high priced, and very hard to get. The necessity of having to work to live is ever having become stern reality in the eyes, they consider it rather a relief than otherwise, in fact quite a condescension to do anything at any price. A cook, for instance, and not a good one either, who comes at 11:30 o'clock in the morning, cooks your breakfast, and leaves between 6:20 and 6:35 o'clock at night, after cooking dinner, expects and gets from 70 to 80 milreis a month, which at present rate of exchange, about $40 to $40. He does not wash the dishes and would leave the place in an instant if asked to do it. None of the servants sleep in the house where they work. They come in the morning and leave at night by 8 o'clock at the very latest. They are much given to stealing, and if detected do no feel the slightest shame, but rather upraid the master and mistress for their perogatives. On the whole they are very unreliable, and one can never tell whether he will go without breakfast or without dinner.

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